

THE CRAFTSMAN

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WHAT ONE MAN HAS DONE TO LOWER THE COST OF LIVING: A SKETCH OF LU- THER BURBANK, INCREASER OF HARVESTS: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



SCARCELY a harvest will be gathered into barns this fall, or a feast spread on our national day of Thanksgiving that will not have been directly or indirectly increased and benefited by the inspired vision and patient labor of a childlike and lovable, yet profoundly scientific man living in a small corner of the Far West.

Farmers and gardeners over the whole land know his name and follow to some extent his methods of planting and pruning, pedigreeing seed, fertilizing, etc. He has shown the nation how to do these things in a better, simpler, more practical way.

This man who has added so tremendously to the yield and quality of our food products surely deserves the gratitude of every individual in the land at this season, when the universal acknowledgment of mercies is felt and voiced to the Creator of all who "hath crowned the earth with goodness."

This power among men—a dreamer, yet with that capacity for hard work which, according to the definition of one great mind, is the essence of all genius—has done more to lower the cost of living and to enrich the common people than all the legislation of the last twenty years. The tale of his unostentatiously beneficent deeds can only be told in part, else the recital will seem like romance instead of the reports of scientists. In one of the bulletins issued by the United States Department of Agriculture we read that "the Burbank potato is adding seventeen million dollars a year to the agricultural output of this country." It is thirty-five years since the present large, sweet and white-skinned potato was evolved from a small, bitter, red-skinned vegetable, and in that time almost six hundred million dollars has been added to the farm incomes of America alone, without taking into consideration the gain in foreign countries, for whoever raises a potato in any land is profiting by the work of this miraculous gardener.

In behalf of THE CRAFTSMAN, which has bidden me seek the most interesting and beautiful things of the West so that the East might

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have better understanding of this land geographically divided—or can I say united—by lofty mountain chains, and so increase the friendly understanding and sympathy between the East and the West, I made a pilgrimage to the home and experimental gardens of Mr. Burbank in Santa Rosa, California. I made the trip from San Francisco in a gypsy camp automobile as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellogg, the naturalists, and we halted at one of the stores in Santa Rosa and asked the way to Mr. Burbank's home. The owner of the store, recognizing Mr. Kellogg, felt justified in hailing Mr. Burbank, who happened to be passing. He was not especially pleased at being thus unceremoniously halted, for he was dashing hurriedly along on a bicycle, bent on some important errand. When I stated my wish he showed some reluctance to talk about himself, not because he was not kindly disposed, but because of the innate reticence which he has retained in spite of all the public invasions against it. But when he recognized a friend, Mr. Kellogg, he immediately forgot the troublesome interviewer and became so interested in a discussion of what might be called "seek and ye shall find" that his pressing errand was neglected and he invited us to his house in order to get at the subject better, flashing ahead of our automobile on his bicycle at such a pace that we feared being halted by the guardian of the speed laws.

HIS manner in his home was a winning combination of pleased child and dreamy poet, undertoned by deep and solemn reverence for Nature, science, truth. He is artist to his finger tips, small-boned, sensitive and tautly strung. Yet with this dreamer-poet-artist temperament there exists a capacity for practical expression. In an older civilization the expressing of these qualities would have been confined to the fine arts, but in this young and virile land his genius has been turned to brilliant and daring experiments with Nature. He has been called "plant gambler," and "wizard" by people who do not understand the open sorcery by which the secrets of Nature are poured into the crucible of his mind, then released to the world in a form capable of being commonly understood. Linked with his soaring imagination is a phenomenal patience. When at work he concentrates upon the small seed or plant that has suggested new possibilities to his mind, and the fulfilment of whose destiny he wishes to hasten.

He has said: "Is it not almost alarming, the way things come to us just when we have greatest need of them? I have sometimes wanted a certain seed and not known where to find it, experiments would be at a standstill for need of it, when through the mail or by

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the hand of a friend who did not know of my need—it would come. I have wanted a flower or seed that I had read about and that seemed to hold promise of usefulness—the mail would bring it to me from Africa, Brazil, Australia, sent by a total stranger, perhaps, who had thought it interesting. No one can work much with Nature without becoming conscious of a strange and comforting coöperation, as if her mighty powers served as envoys to the strugglers."

After a long talk on this subject, every word of which deserves recording, he expressed a wish to hear Mr. Kellogg sing. "Is it true that you sing like the birds sing, like a meadow-lark or thrush?" Immediately through the room vibrated the song of the thrush, then the low, melodious, seldom heard song of the cat-bird, the song he sings to his brooding mate. Mr. Burbank, perceiving that here was a wonderful thing, slipped quietly out of the room and called his sister who slipped as noiselessly in, wearing a large blue gingham apron with squirrels cross-stitched in white upon it that seemed somehow fittingly to express her wholesome nature, her abounding love of all creatures. He then opened the doors into his offices that the clerks and stenographers might hear, and sent word to his gardeners to stop work and gather outside.

Then it seemed as if the winged singers from grove and meadow flew through the open window to tell Mr. Burbank of their joy of living. The hermit thrush sang his liquid rhapsody, the meadow-lark his exultant pæan. We heard the lonely night call of the loon, the soft hoot of an owl, the guttural protestations of the grosbeak, lilt of song-sparrow, trill of nightingale. When the bird concert was over Mr. Burbank paid tribute in most heartfelt manner, betraying a deep emotion that evidenced the elemental kinship between these two lovers of Nature. "You have given me one of the most delightful and inspiring experiences of my life. Nature has indeed taught you to sing like a bird—come into my garden and let me show you what she has taught me."

HE took us into his gardens, showing us all those plant novelties that have astonished the agricultural world, telling us how he had brought about each change, how he had coaxed the thorns from the blackberry, then made its fruit white, how he changed the color of flowers at will, doubled and trebled their sizes, made stems long and twining or strong enough to support the added weight of numberless blooms instead of the original single blossom, showed us a bed of *cenothera*, one petal of which would cover an entire blossom of the parent plant and which obeys his command to bloom afresh each morning throughout the whole summer. He showed us

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pears four times as productive as the Bartlett, cobless corn, stoneless plums, seedless grapes, the rhubarb that is commonly called "the mortgage lifter" because it is ready for the market six weeks before any other kind and has a flavor and texture that makes it yield one thousand dollars an acre the first year after planting. He told us how his improvement of the prune had increased the crop of one State from sixty-four million pounds to two hundred million pounds and enabled the United States to sell fifty million pounds a year to foreign countries instead of buying thirty-five million pounds as formerly. And how the forage grasses, hay, oats, rye, beans, peas, etc., have been made more practical money-making products. We saw new flowers in the making, new vegetables almost ready to be given to the world. We tasted several kinds of luscious new strawberries, were showered with petals of roses from which a Long Island florist declares he has sold over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of plants and flowers by following Mr. Burbank's advice on hybridizing.

Finally our brains would hold no more, and we began to doubt the testimony of our senses when he showed us his latest and most wonderful achievement—the thornless cactus, which one scientist says is of "as much importance as the discovery of a new continent." I did not dare set down in my note-book all that I heard him tell about this wonderful plant, so I simply followed him about eating the thornless fruit (which alone was enough to make one forget everything but its delicious flavor), while his explanations and figures soared above my ability to comprehend or record. But the next day I returned, pored over his books and records and acquired facts about this plant, which is destined, doubtless, to redeem the desert.

His creative imagination sees possibilities in commonly spurned things, seems to understand what they are bravely trying to do under adverse circumstances. He aids them or develops them, makes things easier for them, achieves in a few months or years the result the plant would have been many cycles in attaining. Victor Hugo voiced this idea poetically when he said that "there are no bad herbs, no bad men, only bad cultivators." And Burbank has proven this nature-truth to the world. He noticed the small spiny cactus that had been considered not only worthless but a positive pest, and made it produce a fruit that resembles the watermelon in juiciness, with a flavor reminiscent of pineapples, strawberries and pears. After this delicious crop is gathered the plant is used for feeding stock of all kinds. Corn, under favorable circumstances, will produce approximately one and a half tons of food an acre, alfalfa as much as five tons an acre, and the Burbank spineless cactus will harvest two



A FIELD OF SHASTA DAISIES, FROM
THE FARM-GARDEN OF LUTHER BUR-
BANK AT SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA.



SHOWING
THE GREAT
PRODUCTIVE-
NESS OF
THE WHITE
BLACK-
BERRY AS
CULTIVATED
BY MR.
BURBANK
AT SANTA ROSA:
THE HEAVY
CLUSTERS OF
FRUIT WEIGH
DOWN THE
BRANCHES,
FROM WHICH
MR. BURBANK
HAS COAXED
THE THORNS.



A BED OF AMARYLLIS IN MR. BURBANK'S GARDEN:
HE HAS CHANGED THE COLORS OF THESE FLOWERS
AT WILL, AND HIS COLLECTION EMBRACES EVERY
COLOR OF THE RAINBOW.



CRIMSON RAMBLER ROSE OF MR. DURBANK'S OWN CULTIVATION FRAMING THE PORCH OF HIS HOME AT SANTA ROSA.

A CORNER OF THE SPINELESS CACTUS FIELD IN MR. BURBANK'S GARDEN, SHOWING THE PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE CULTIVATED VARIETY OF THIS DESERT PLANT: THE BRIGHT RED FRUIT GROWS IN THICK CLUSTERS UPON THE GRAYISH GREEN STALKS, GIVING AN EFFECT OF GORGEOUS COLOR: ORIGINALLY THE SMALL SPINY CACTUS WAS CONSIDERED NOT ONLY WORTHLESS BUT A POSITIVE PEST: UNDER MR. BURBANK'S CULTIVATION IT PRODUCES A FRUIT THAT RESEMBLES THE WATERMELON IN JUICINESS, WITH A FLAVOR REMINISCENT OF PINEAPPLES, STRAWBERRIES AND PEARS: THESE CACTUS PEARS MAKE EXCELLENT JELLY, JAM AND SYRUP: AFTER THE FRUIT CROP IS GATHERED THE PLANT IS USED FOR FEEDING STOCK OF ALL KINDS, AND IS ALSO USED FOR MAKING DENATURED ALCOHOL.



THE ABOVE PICTURE REPRODUCES A SPRAY OF BRODLÉA, SHOWING HOW MR. BURBANK HAS MADE THE STEMS LONG BY TWINING: THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST GRACEFUL OF MR. BURBANK'S PLANT MIRACLES.

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hundred tons to an acre. It can produce twelve hundred dollars worth of denatured alcohol per acre as against thirty-five dollars worth from Indian corn. The cactus pear, as the fruit is called, can be grown at much less expense than it takes to produce oranges; there is never a crop failure, and the market price equals that of the orange. They make excellent jelly, jam, syrup, and the juice of the crimson variety makes a wholesome permanent food coloring.

When planted eight feet apart the plants will nearly meet in two seasons' growth. The spineless cactus responds phenomenally to cultivation—it has no parallel in the history of cultivated plants. It produces tremendous tonnage, requires no irrigation, is an excellent bedding for hogs, chickens, sheep and goats. It has no insect or fungus enemies. One planting is ample for repeated cuttings.

Quoting from various sources, we find, "There is every prospect that before the work of Luther Burbank is ended he will have seen thousands of square miles of desert land converted to profitable fertility through the medium of his spineless cactus. The British Government is considering the feasibility of introducing Mr. Burbank's hybrid plant in the Sahara Desert with a view of eventually forcing the most unprofitable district in the world to support life." And again—"With the house committee on public lands reporting favorably on the bill to turn over to Luther Burbank, the botanist and naturalist of California, a tract of land in the arid Southwest in order to enable him to go ahead with experiments by which he desires to develop spineless cactus, the bill becomes one of the most remarkable which has ever come before Congress." This bill proposes to set aside twelve sections of land to give him opportunity to propagate the spineless cactus upon desert land. Everywhere through the West we see fields of the strange-looking fleshy lobes of the spineless cactus stuck on end in the ground, looking like miniature tombstones, for the ranchers have been quick to see the usefulness of this new forage plant and are experimenting with it on their own account.

OUR country greatly needs better agricultural methods, and Mr. Burbank has evolved a number of them for us. He has shown us how to develop new forms of life, new sources of wealth, new and better ways to till the soil, has added immeasurably to the yield and quality of all food products. "The knowledge of his methods is as important to the progressive agriculturist as food is to a growing boy." "All the gold taken from California mines cannot equal in value the contributions made to human comfort by that modest investigator in California gardens." "The conservation of our national resources is an idea that has captured the imagi-

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nation and enlisted the sympathy of the people of this country. The movement has developed so far into a programme for preservation from monopoly and waste of timber, coal and water, the chief sources of the comforts and luxuries of life. Heretofore, too little heed has been paid to the conservation of our food supply upon which civilization itself depends. Luther Burbank has gone to the root of this problem and has accomplished more practical, immediate and lasting good than all the theorists of the land combined. Once people realize that health, happiness and profit can be obtained by cultivating small farms in thickly settled communities where mankind's gregarious tendencies are provided for as completely as in the cities, the problem of how to get men back to the soil will be solved, and Luther Burbank has discovered the methods that will bring about this condition." So writes M. E. Hay, Governor of Washington.

Carlyle once said: "The history of a nation is the history of its great men." It comes pretty near being true that the history of agriculture in this country for the last forty years is the history of Luther Burbank. Though his work has appealed to the scientific world so forcefully that the Carnegie Institute at Washington made an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars in nineteen hundred and five for the purpose of compiling the records of his experiments from the scientific standpoint, yet the practical results that interest farmers so vitally, make his work of worth to the world.

And so the interesting things he has done and the tributes that have been paid him might be recorded indefinitely. But over and above the "wizardry" of his agricultural deeds, his modesty stands in my memory—dwelling always on experiments not yet successful—not one boast about what had been accomplished. He gave ungrudging praise to the gardeners who worked with so helpful an interest, and expressed his dependent love for his sister "whose good care enables me to work so much." The egotism that generally accompanies brilliant imagination and mighty deeds is not found here.

When he came to say "good-bye" he presented us with a basket of artichokes, the like of which I never expect to taste again, apologizing because the season was late and they were not as good as they ought to be. Then he gave us his book on the development of the human plant, hesitantly, as if perhaps we might not care to have it. It revealed a love for mankind and a deep sense of its needs which stands out as the mainspring of the inspiration and purpose of the man himself.

ARTHUR RACKHAM, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF FOLK-LORE AND FAIRY TALES



ARTHUR RACKHAM, the greatest English illustrator of today, may unquestionably be ranked among such modern master draughtsmen as Daumier, Steinlen, Glackens—who have seen to the heart of the particular phase of beauty that inspired them. Not in the smallest way does his achievement resemble that of any one of these other men. His imagination has been touched by the fairy world, and he responds, brain and soul, to the work of those who have had a vision out into that far land where gnomes and pigmies and imps and all the tiny dreamland folk dwell. And so we find, as we would expect to, that he has elected to reveal to us the innermost spirit of the writers of such fairy lore as Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Washington Irving in "Rip Van Winkle," the wonder tales of the Brothers Grimm, Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wonderland," J. M. Barrie in "Peter Pan," and then, at last, Richard Wagner in his great revelation of the heights and depths of god life in Walhalla.



A BIRD SKETCH BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

Arthur Rackham has been compared with our American illustrator of fantastic subjects, Howard Pyle. But it seems to me that as an artist he must take rank among the great rather than among



THE ASS AND BOTTOM: FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

the brilliant and clever, for even though his interest in literature was more nearly related to the interest of a man like Howard Pyle, his composition, his technique, his knowledge of the very

ARTHUR RACKHAM AND HIS FAIRY FOLK

fundamentals of art must place him among the really memorable artists of his day. This feeling at least prevails among the art circles of Milan, where he exhibited in nineteen hundred and six, Venice, which presented his drawings in nineteen hundred and nine, Barcelona, where his work was shown in nineteen hundred and ten, and Paris, where his work is accepted as the final expression possible along his own line by the critics, the artists, the students, as well as the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, by whom he was invited to exhibit.

Rackham is still a young man. He was born in London in eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, and made a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors in nineteen hundred and two. The usual academic training was given him and early in life he began to contribute to the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Westminster Budget*, the *Graphic*, the *Sketch*, etc., illustrations of real life, of legendary adventure, whatever chanced to come his way or to interest him, but always presented with thoughtful observation, precise and wise drawing, technique swiftly reproducing inspiration and with a touch at once light and fine. Always from the start his great interest seemed to be in relating the animal world to the human world through the fairy adventure that touched each sphere. And although his subjects are nearly always inspired by some fantastic thought, his own or others, his presentation is made with the dignity, the tenderness of real humor, and the imagination that would have made Rackham great in any field of art that had claimed his genius.

His knowledge of the animal world is as great as his understanding of the fairy kingdom, and the play spirit of the people in the trees, in the grass, in the clouds, is a revelation to the pompous human intellect which feels that a humorous attitude toward life is the reward only of its own kind of civilization. Happily enough, we never see what we call real people in Rackham's scenes of fairy life; but practically always their good friends the animals are with them, sometimes in a most neighborly intimate way, sometimes indulging in quaint delicate warfare. We poor dull human beings do not seem to have touched Rackham's interest or fancy. And probably he knows best. He may have left us out of his pictures fearing that the fairy folk and their neighbors of the animal world might not feel at home and happy with us.

THE first book which Rackham illustrated was done in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. "The Legends," it was called, written by an Englishman, Thomas Ingoldsby. After that came Grimm's "Fairy Tales," pictures for "Gulliver," for "Don Quixote;" then his great achievement in the series for "Rip Van Winkle."



Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA": AN ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM FOR "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."



Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"THE ELVES AT WAR WITH THE BATS":
AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM," BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"THE BLOOD BURNED LIKE A FIRE": AN
ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM
FOR WAGNER'S "NIBELUNGEN LIED."



Courtesy of Art'et Décoration.

"THE GOD WOTAN": AN ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR
RACKHAM FOR WAGNER'S "NIBELUNGEN LIED."

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It is strange how a man, even through the power of his rare poetical imagination, could become so profoundly intimate with the spirit with which Washington Irving has saturated his legendary stories of the Catskill Mountains. Surely no one has so completely realized his impulse, except possibly gentle old Joe Jefferson, who lived over for us the life of this mountain recess many times through his beautiful art. Rackham's pictures seem the very story itself,—the gnomes, and poor old *Rip*, who becomes intoxicated on the juniper gin, his return to the village, interested, young, cheerful, with all of his own generation having passed him by. There is a humor in the types of people Rackham presents in these drawings; there is a true understanding of the hidden world of mysterious people, and there is an exquisite sympathy and appreciation of the old village folk, of *Peter Vanderdonk*, of *Rip's* wife, his daughter and the little grandson.

After this, came "Alice in Wonderland," and anyone who has read "Alice" and loved her in childhood and followed her through the mirror and known her friends, can live this story over again in Rackham's illustrations. For he has seen the adventures of Alice just as *you* saw them, with wonder and delight, and a little fear and a great desire to be admitted without self-consciousness into their marvelous company. And with all his fantastic charm and his grave and gay technique, Rackham never loses for a moment what we are accustomed to call a sense of beauty, in the rather old-fashioned sense. His harmonies of tone are exquisite, and although all in a light key, there is a vividness and a richness that few artists of any time have excelled. Later Rackham of course turned his attention to "Peter Pan." Who but this master of the fantastic could do justice to Barrie's wonderful story of the snatching away of the little child at night, out into the fairy garden of Kensington? All that Cecilia Loftus put into her playing of this flower of childhood fantasy, Rackham has equaled in his drawings for Mr. Barrie's book.

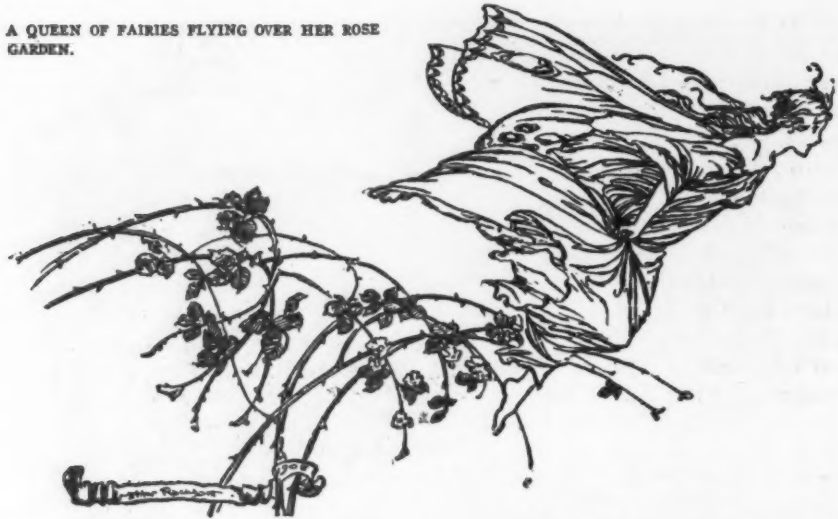
At home with American legends and English fairyland, Mr. Rack-



THE BATTLE OF THE
FAIRIES AND THE
CATERPILLARS.

ARTHUR RACKHAM AND HIS FAIRY FOLK

A QUEEN OF FAIRIES FLYING OVER HER ROSE GARDEN.



ham is equally *en rapport* with the German folk tale, "Undine." He feels about this marvelous Spirit of the Danube as only, prior to his time, the Germans with all their love of fairyland have felt. The magic quality of his imagination is truly universal, and whatever has stirred the poetic soul of any time or people sifts through his own translucent mind with all the joy known to the folk for whom it was born in that kind old land of folk-lore.



A FRIGHTENED &
BABY FAIRY.

We are showing among our illustrations an enchanting "Alice in Wonderland" picture, "Five-o'clock Tea with the Hare and the Hatter," also one of the most interesting of the illustrations for "Midsummer Night's Dream," the battle in the sky of the elfish children with the gruesome bats. What terror and mystery and strangeness he has put into this picture which is drawn so high up in the air. One only realizes its distance from earth by looking in the lower corner of the picture, to find there a tiny thatched home

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QUEEN TITANIA WITH PUCK AND THE FAIRIES: FROM A SKETCH BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



with a blossoming tree no larger than a pinhead. And yet with all this aerial tragedy, with all the somberness of night and the horror of whirling bats, Rackham never loses his sense of grace, his fine-spun delicacy of technique. We have only to look at his characteristic sketch of *Bottom* and the *Ass*, which he weaves together with wreaths of thorn, to realize the wonderful, trenchant quality of which Rackham's pen is capable when he chooses so to use it. No one surely has ever presented the elfin sportiveness combined with childish glee as Rackham in his sketch which we reproduce here of *Titania*, *Puck* and the fairies.

With all his love of these tiny folk, of their quaint and wild ways, of their little furies and infantile warfare, there remained, of course, a greater work for Rackham's genius. And this he undertook after his various exhibitions in Europe, and his greater intimacy with the greatest of folklore, the German legends of the Walhalla. Naturally, after Shakespeare, Wagner. After a presentation of the greatest literary mind of England, Rackham turns his attention to the greatest musical mind of Germany, that vast musical storehouse. And

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again we feel, as we did about "Peter Pan" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Alice," that no one indeed but Rackham could ever give us in picture the mighty gods we know so well in musical measure. We are reproducing here two of the designs for the "Ring of the Nibelungen," both originally done in water color, with marvelous shadows and sunsets and whirling clouds and wind torrents. We regret that it is not possible for us to present the entire series of the "Ring" pictures, for whether Rackham is drawing the great giants *Fafner* and *Fasolt* with their brutal, shaggy bodies or whether he shows you *Wotan* plunging through the sky to wreak his vengeance upon the unexpectedly tender-hearted *Brunhilde*, or whether *Siegfried* has tasted the blood of the slain dragon and listens to the spirit of the woods through the songs of the birds, or whether *Brunhilde*, majestic yet tender, lies sleeping under the lance of *Wotan*, or whether *Loge* dances in fire circles or *Mime* forges the sword for *Siegfried*, or the *Rhine Maidens* float through the transparent water with their wonderful bodies and wild hair curving out to *Siegfried's* heart, these drawings of Rackham are one and all the spirit incarnate of the "Nibelungen Lied."

And here one realizes, as perhaps the thoughtless may not in seeing Rackham's lighter work, the splendid strength of his imagination. How straight and true his vision is into that part of the soul of every nation which holds the folk-lore, the fairy tales, the songs of the minstrels, the gods of the old faith,—the storehouse of romance, of spirituality, of joy for the art of the world.

LIFE

"THE lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne"
The tools so crude, the Master-hand so stern.
The price so great, the gain so nearly naught—
The efforts vain, or knowledge dearly bought.
A broken tool—and naught wherewith to mend.
A struggle brief, and then we reach—the End.

—PAUL LORILLIERE.

A VISIT TO CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE IMPRESSION IT MADE AND THE RESULT: THE GUSTAV STICKLEY SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP: BY RAYMOND RIORDON



I THOUGHT I knew Craftsman Farms pretty well before I made my first trip out to New Jersey to visit it; but the full force of its individuality, its intimate relation to the man who had dreamed, planned and developed it, I could not begin to realize until I drove up the long avenue through the deep woods, out onto the hillside, and saw the countless acres of woodland, orchards connecting the woodland with the gardens, the gardens curving down to encircle the cottages, and the Log House resting back on the curve of the hillside embowered in trees.

As I stood there facing the man whose imagination, courage and sincerity had produced—single-handed, in effect—this homestead, I realized that my early impression of Craftsman Farms had fallen far short of the truth. My first ideal might have been a more conventional and complete one, but it had lacked the strength, the individuality, the serene beauty which pervaded the stretch of land and the buildings embraced under the name Craftsman Farms. Here, with the process of development going on, with the massive stone foundation of the horse-stable before my eyes, with the busy workmen constructing roads back to the hills, with new touches of beauty being added to the place—not in matters of decoration but in the making of the right paths, essential stone walls, necessary beds of flowers for joy's sake—all these things made me realize what I never had before: the vital splendid happiness that the man must have who creates his own home out of his own heart.

For a day Gustav Stickley and I walked over this wide estate of his on the pleasant high New Jersey hills. We talked over the home problem, the building problem, but first and foremost the school problem. For naturally my interest, being so bound up in the Interlaken School, centers on the question of the right education for boys, and the longer Mr. Stickley lives and works on his own farmland, the more assured he is that some at least of its advantages he wants to share with the younger generation. He wants boys to grow up with the chance to labor, think and see life as he did in his youth. He wants them to have the advantage of hard work, good health, happiness born of Nature's sympathetic moods, the vigorous, wholesome joy that only the country boy with strength and right opportunity can ever feel.

We agreed that the American boy had the smallest chance for

CRAFTSMAN FARMS SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

a straight cut to sturdy, useful manhood of the boys of any nation in the world. Our parents hold him back from experience; our schools hold him back from the understanding of and the right to work; all our social systems hold him back from the truth about manual labor. We coddle his flesh, we weaken his spirit, we destroy his honest ambition. Gustav Stickley and I also agreed that the great chance for every boy is to grow up out of doors, to work on the farm, to build his own house, to plant his own garden, to see the sun rise, to hear all the manifold twilight summer music on his way to find wholesome sleep in the house he has helped to erect; that our boys must work *together* out of doors, learn to understand Nature and learn to love it, if we are once more to have for our social and political leaders men who can respond to the nation's call as did Washington and Lincoln.

This need of youthful coöperation to realize all of his dream at Craftsman Farms has not come to Gustav Stickley because of an empty homestead. A happy family dwells in the great Log House on the hill: five daughters and one son, and now a grandchild—all young, happy, full of the zest that life can give young people whose minds are open and hearts full. But in spite of all the joy this means to the Master of Craftsman Farms, he is not content without encompassing those youth of the world who need or desire the life that awaits them on his hillside. The longer he lives and the more intimate he becomes with the profound beauty and greatness of Nature's instruction, the more he desires that this same opportunity shall reach young American life, hoping to enrich if possible through his own experience the new generation, which in turn may extend the knowledge and happiness of natural living.

AS we were standing together in the cool of the evening in one of the woodland-bordered pastures looking down over the good land on every side, the man said to me, with all the intensity of feeling possible:

"This is my Garden of Eden. This is the realization of the dreams that I had when I worked as a lad. It is because my own dreams have come true that I want other boys to dream out their own good future here for themselves."

During the long talk which followed this magic day, Gustav Stickley told me of the plan that he had cherished from the very beginning of the development at Craftsman Farms, for a boys' school; how his work in life would seem incomplete unless this school could be made to materialize. And as he presented it to me it seemed to realize in full the title which we have used at the begin-

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ning of this article, a "School for Citizenship," a place where the natural boy would have the chance to grow into the great man. With my own knowledge of the practical upbuilding of a school for boys, and with Mr. Stickley's far vision of the farm life that would produce the real citizen, a desire to coöperate came to us, and together we planned what seemed to us the school that would furnish ideal education for the American boy, a plan which we intend to put to a practical test this coming summer.

The first outline of this plan was presented in an editorial by Mr. Stickley in the October CRAFTSMAN. Much of the practical detail, however, was not gone into, not worked out in fact at the time. In the present article I am presenting a few more concrete ideas which may appeal to the parent or guardian who desires the boy in his charge to become eventually the man whom the country needs.

Usually the man who has reached the point where his income exceeds his needs, if he be a man and not merely a capitalist, at once begins to look around him in order that he may give of his plenty to others. Unintentionally this medium of bringing one's mind to a state of self-satisfaction has done much to undermine some of the basic principles of education. For out of the desire of the successful man to help the unsuccessful boy, has been created a charity germ of astounding strength and independence-wrecking proportions. It is an unfortunate thing that those to whom we give are usually the persons of all others who can give us nothing in return. Therefore our gifts in spite of every motive become plain charity; for with the gift, we offer them no chance of reward to us. A "God bless you" and a prayer is the best usually they can do. And thus we see very clearly that giving is not a philanthropy, that giving is an arrogance.

Education should train to usefulness, and a sense of usefulness will never permit of forcing our bounty, honestly or illy gained, upon others. If the public schools were built and maintained by the users, usefulness would become the common possession of the race. If our training of the young were not a mere superficial outline of a stereotyped form of academic teaching, if it were a vital training of the boy and girl for life, usefulness would be inbred in our future citizens. The great difficulty in all attempts to teach children the *real* has been the insipid methods employed. Fifty per cent. of the manual training men in the schools have no real sense of manual training; eighty per cent. couldn't frame up a house; ninety per cent. would be lost other than on the toy machines and "children" tools used in the schools. *The only way to recognize the real is to experience it.*

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AT Craftsman Farms the necessary building for conducting a community school has been already erected for the home life. These buildings are of Craftsman mold and each is a unit standing for completeness—for we must have utility and beauty in all. The farm is well stocked with registered cattle, hogs, sheep, horses. Fruit orchards are at their prime; the vineyard is ready; the poultry numerous. Mr. Stickley has decided to use the large estate and its buildings for the development of this school which shall become as a community.

Communities have over and over again been proved failures because false foundations have inspired them. Religion has been the keynote, or commercialism, and with both these elements, jealousy plays too big a part to make success possible. It is not the walled-in, limited community that leads men to virile lives. At the Farms a rational community spirit will be engendered and the boys will carry far and wide this spirit when they leave the work to go out into life. What is a community spirit? The recognizing that this big world is inhabited by many mortals and that in order that each may have his share of the burden of life—which is the joy of life—to bear, each must do his part. And there is not full recognition of this fact unless each allows for the surety that many will be unable to comprehend the need of doing their part, thus those who do know must double their energies to make up for the laggard, until we do as the bees do—exterminate the drone, though not by destroying, but by training, forming, creating the community sense. The community spirit puts in one's soul the doing of what is right because fairness, reason and justice say this should be so. And the man, woman or child with the community spirit knows that the soul lies not only in the heart but in the stomach and the face.

Boys who live the allotted time at the Farms will be prepared when they leave to work in any executive position, will be capable fruit-growers, good farmers, will know cattle, poultry, vegetables. These boys will be thoroughly trained in the academic studies necessary for the proper conducting of a business. The school will not prepare for the university. A boy at sixteen given the proper training should be able to earn his living from then on, or he never will earn his living as he should. The boy whose schooling is provided without effort on his part after sixteen or seventeen, is but spending time and money in becoming a parasite. It is unmoral to give to a boy after the age he should do for himself.

Boys will be received at the school after June fifteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. But fifty will be accommodated the first year. These boys will be nine years old and over. They will live



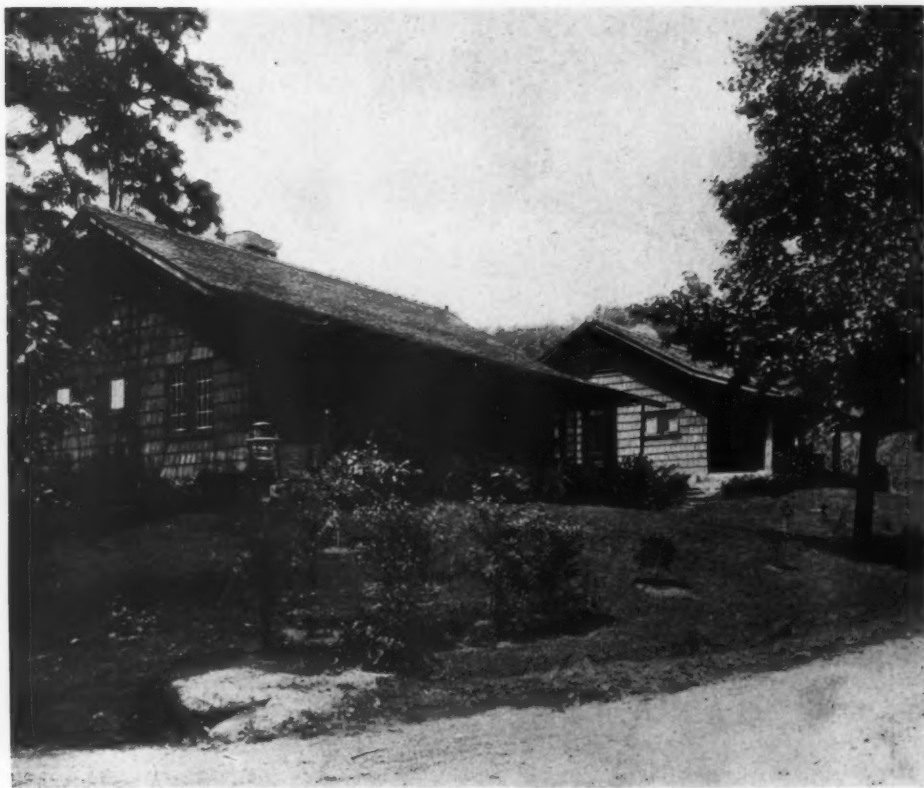
THE LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF
THE PLANTING OF THE GARDEN AND THE BUILDING OF THE WALLS.
A DETAIL VIEW OF THE ROUGH STONE STEPS FOR THE GARDEN WALL:
THE STONE PILLARS ARE BUILT HOLLOW SO THAT LATER ON THEY
MAY BE FILLED WITH EARTH AND PLANTED WITH FLOWERS AND VINES.



SIDE VIEW OF MR. STICKLEY'S HOME AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, GIVING AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF THE CHIMNEYS AND THE CASEMENT WINDOWS.



THE COW STABLE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, BUILT OF FIELD STONE: THE GROUNDS AROUND THIS STABLE ARE GRADED AND PLANNED, BUT AS YET UNPLANTED. THE HORSE STABLE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION: THE PLACING OF THIS STABLE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ON THE SIDE HILL AGAINST THE WOODLAND BACKGROUND.



TWO SHINGLE COTTAGES AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE ONE IN FULL VIEW IS NOW OCCUPIED BY MR. STICKLEY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER, MRS. BEN. WILES, AND THE SHELTERED RECESSED PORCH IS THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN NURSERY.



BACK VIEW OF THE TWO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES, SHOWING
THEIR PLACING ON THE HILLSIDE: JUST ACROSS THE
ROAD IS THE FAMILY HOME SHOWN IN THE FIRST PICTURES.



A PART OF THE HERD OF THOROUGHbred HOLSTEIN COWS, GRAZ-
ING ON THE HILLSIDE OF CRAFTSMAN FARMS.

THE COW STABLE WHICH MR. STICKLEY DESIGNED AND BUILT:
IT IS FINISHED ON THE INSIDE WITH MANY INNOVATIONS FOR
THE HEALTH AND COMFORT OF THE ANIMALS.



THOROUGHbred HOLSTEIN HEIFER, "WOODCREST RACHEL," THREE YEARS OLD: HER YEARLY RECORD AS TWO-YEAR-OLD WAS AN AVERAGE OF 27 QUARTS A DAY FOR 365 DAYS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FIRST THOROUGHbred HOLSTEIN CALF BORN ON CRAFTSMAN FARMS: IT ACHIEVED ITS DISTINGUISHED NAME FROM THE FACT THAT IT WAS BORN ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



MISS MILDRED STICKLEY, SECOND DAUGHTER OF GUSTAV STICKLEY, FEEDING HER CHICKENS AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS. BUILDING ROADS ON ONE OF THE HILLSIDES AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS.

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in Craftsman houses which they have helped to build, and each house will be a real *home* for the boys who have had the joy of helping to create it. Each house will conduct its own domestic affairs under the leadership of a woman. The entire estate will be maintained and developed, the entire proposition conducted by the boys, guided and taught, of course, by their *companions*, the teachers. The school work will *not* be in schoolrooms, but lessons will be taught in the fields, the barns, the orchard—wherever things are being done.

The product of the Farms will be marketed in the neighborhood, and each vegetable and egg, each pint of milk that reaches the consumer will bear the Farms' guarantee. This will be no play school where paper money and make-believe will enter—these children will be business men, producers. We see no reason why a large sum cannot be earned each year by the school, for we believe that a better product, less waste, more originality will be forthcoming from this group of boys learning to do, than if the same enterprise were handled by so-called "skilled" labor.

The charge for tuition, board, laundry, clothing, lodging for the first year of twelve months will be one thousand dollars. At Christmas time, if desired, or during July, if desired, the boys can be away for two or three weeks; indeed throughout the year when it seems best the fellows may visit home or go elsewhere for a change. School will be, in the nature of things, *constantly in session*.

The second year the boy's tuition will be eight hundred dollars, the third year four hundred dollars, the fourth year three hundred dollars. If he plans to go out on his way after the four years, a sum proportioned to the amount of the school earnings will be placed at his disposal. After a boy has been at the school two years he will have the privilege of selecting some boy unable to pay the tuition charge, as a member of the school—this to insure democracy.

As there will be but fifty boys admitted the first year, applications should be sent at once to Craftsman Farms so that details can be gone into and plans of the boy or his parents may be considered.

Already three boys trained at Interlaken—Rolland West, Clarence Hallopeter, Harold Peterson—are at the Farms and are working with Mr. Stickley to prepare for the newcomers. We are going to miss these boys at Interlaken. They have been our right-hand men. But just now the new Farms School needs them most.

DO you know that fear of doing something without apparent remuneration has put indolence into the bodies and selfishness into the souls of the American people? Have you ever thought the power to purchase comforts, ease, praise, false scholastic

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standards has demoralized the integrity of private school education? Can't you see that the unfairness of Unionism—and Unionism is the one safeguard the worker has to prevent his entire domination by capital—in prohibiting a man from doing as much work as he wishes, rather than forcing the incompetent to learn how and the indolent to do a man's share, has had its beginning in the public school and is carried into public and home life? There is nothing flexible in our school system—there is nothing flexible in any so-called system. A good system is like man's mind should be, adaptable. Do you not see that this school at Craftsman Farms will give to boys the opportunity that men seek when they start out to earn a livelihood? The assets of the business world are the tools of these children at school. The boys at this school will be busy doing, and observation has doubtless shown you that business of this character gives no thought or chance for tearing down the work of others. School spirit becomes accomplishment, not the waving of banners or splitting of vocal chords. School honors are to the successful doer or the patient plodder, not to the fast runner or the poster football player. And that does not mean that these Stickley boys will not play. Of course they will, and win, too; but they will first lend their minds to the care of the animals and not to the keeping or making of athletic records.

Have you ever thought of the men who built this country—the men whose deeds stirred us as we read of their youth and their manhood? Those fellows did chores, cut wood, milked cows, planted, curried, sowed and sang the songs of labor. They married women who worked and who, therefore, bore healthy children. Those men were known and revered as doers and as honest men. Their schooling was of the soil, they knew Nature, their work made them men. They did not need to read of great deeds and fair ladies; they *did* great deeds and that woman to them was fair who could be their mate and their home-maker. But today—how few men our schools and our universities have really given us. We have temporarily successful bankers; some pulpit orators; many shrewd lawyers; quite a large collection of politicians and contractors—but where are the men? Conventionality has bred a false pride not alone for the individual but for the Nation; prosperity has built false standards; the university and its demands have culled the life out of the lower school; teachers have disappeared and wage-gatherers taken their places; the big interests are now trying to garner the school possibilities through a sham-slogan of vocational training. Don't you really think it will be worth while to have a school for citizenship where honest boys will be nurtured into honest men?

THE GUIDES

WHERE have you been the long day through,
Little brothers of mine?
Soon the world shall belong to you,
Yours to mar or to build anew:
Have you been to learn what the world shall do,
Little brothers going home?

*We have been to learn through the livelong day
Where the great looms echo and crash and sway,
The world has willed it, and we obey,
Elder brother.*

What did you learn till set of sun,
Little brothers of mine?
Down where the great looms wove and spun,
You who are many where we are one
(We whose day is so nearly done),
Little brothers pacing home?

*We have learned the things that the mill-folk said,
That Man is cruel and God is dead. . . .
And how to weave with an even thread,
Elder brother.*

What did you win with the thing they taught,
Little brothers of mine,
You whose sons shall have strength you brought,
Fashion their lives of the faith you bought,
Follow afar the ways you sought,
Little brothers toiling home?

*Shattered body and stunted brain,
Hearts made hard with the need of gain,
These we won and must give again,
Elder brother.*

How shall the world fare in your hand,
Little brothers of mine?
When you shall stand where now we stand—
Shall you lift a light in the darkened land,
Or fire its ways with a burning brand;
Little brothers stealing home?

*What of the way the world shall fare?
What the world has given the world must bear. . . .
We are tired—ah, tired—and we cannot care,
Elder brother!*

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

THE LINKS OF LOVE: A STORY: BY A. R. GORING-THOMAS



JAMES STONAR, as the big clock outside the works struck eleven, stopped his machine and looked round for his coat. When he saw that it was not on its accustomed hook he laughed. "Bill Jakes," he said good humoredly, "has walked off with my coat again thinking it is his own. That jew slop goods man sold Bill and me the like of two coats, and Bill is always taking mine for his." James Stonar, a handsome, stalwart man of twenty-eight, stretched himself luxuriously and walked over to Bill Jakes' machine on the other side of the big building. "You've got my coat again," he said, cheerily.

"Have I?" said the man he addressed. "You're knocking off early, aren't you?"

"Boss wants to see me at eleven," said James Stonar.

"Getting a rise, I hear?"

"Something of that sort," said Stonar.

"How long have you been here?"

"Fourteen years."

"You're still young, Jim, you don't look more'n twenty-four, or so."

"I came here as a boy of fourteen, and twice fourteen is twenty-eight. Fourteen years is a big slice out of a workingman's life."

"Aye," answered Bill Jakes, "it's nigh upon a generation! Anyhow, you've got on. Nowadays you've got to start young to get anywhere, and you started young. Well—good luck, Jim; don't forget your poor friends when you get to the top of the tree."

James Stonar laughed and put his coat on. Glancing down at his feet he saw that one of his boot laces had come undone—if a man stumbled near one of the fly-wheels—he knelt on one knee and fastened the boot lace. There was a sudden hoarse shout a moment later, and a dreadful sense of disaster seemed miraculously to still all the activity in the huge workshop. Bill Jakes stopped his machine in twenty seconds. The belting on the huge fly-wheel had caught the back of Stonar's coat, had sucked it into the whirling vortex of the wheel, and flung him to the roof of the workshop. Stonar's right arm was torn from its socket, and the right side of his body shattered.

James Stonar did not die. After months in the infirmary a day came, a dull, gray day, when Stonar's wife took home the shattered, permanently crippled remains of the man who had once been her stalwart, handsome husband. Mrs. Stonar said little, she was a silent person. The poor woman's mind dwelt on that first joyful home-coming the day she married the man on the ambulance whom

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she was helping to wheel to a different home. This home-coming was unspeakably sad, that other home-coming had been so happy. He had been her bread-winner, her protector, her husband; now she must be the bread-winner, the protectress, the nurse. For six years she had been happy, although she had grieved at not having a child.

Though Mrs. Stonar was lacking in imagination she was a woman of character. As soon as she knew that her husband would live she had faced the situation before her. She had moved from the comfortable workman's flat she and her husband had occupied for some years, and moved into a smaller apartment, and had canvassed the residential quarter of the town they lived in to get together a clientele that would give her seven days a week of washing and charring. This she had managed to accomplish during the weeks James Stonar had lain in the hospital. But it was a strange room that James Stonar was carried into that dull afternoon, and Mrs. Stonar saw that the change, and all that the change meant, was a sharp blow to her stricken husband. He looked at her despairingly as she settled him comfortably in a long cane lounge beside a window of the kitchen-parlor.

"Betty," he said, "this"—raising his one hand, grown bony and white in the hospital—"only this useless, damned thing between us and—God knows what!"

"Please goodness, we shall get along somehow," said Mrs. Stonar, soberly, "I've got as much as I can do—seven full days a week of charring and washing. What worries me nigh daft is having to leave you here all day alone."

WITHIN the four walls of the kitchen-parlor James Stonar began a horrible imprisonment. He suffered agonies of mind and body; in damp weather the shattered leg was torturing, and he realized that his lost arm had not only been torn from his body but had also been dragged from his brain: the ghostly pain of the one and actual horrible loss became commingled and tormented him hideously. The condition of his mind was pitiable. He, James Stonar, had lived a man amongst men; doing a man's part according to his lights. This is not an unquestioning, believing age but he had expressed his belief in Something by dealing squarely with his fellow men, by paying his just debts, and telling the truth. He had no vices, he did not drink, nor had he gone the way ninety per cent. of the men in the works went: neither before, nor since his marriage had he flaunted about with women. He had not taken life carelessly, or been indifferent to the consequences of the things he did. Yet here, at twenty-eight he was an ugly, useless lump, condemned to lie on his

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back, or at best to crawl about between four walls; for as long as he lived condemned to be a burden on a woman's back.

It was clear to Mrs. Stonar at the end of the first week that her husband was not as well as when he left the infirmary. He seldom spoke, he hardly slept. The food she put beside him when she left in the morning, she would find untouched when she returned at night.

"He must be roused," said the doctor she consulted. "In fact, he ought not to be left alone. If he goes on like this he will die."

Mrs. Stonar sighed. "He can't bear to see the neighbors' wives," she said, "he never was one for women's chatter anyway, and their men are at work all day."

"It's sheer cruelty to leave him alone all day in the condition he is in. Is there no one you can get to sit with him?"

"No, sir."

The doctor thought. "I suppose," he said, "you must go out working?"

"What I earn is all we've got, sir."

"Does your husband like children?"

"Stonar's got a rare love for little ones," said Mrs. Stonar.

"Well," said the doctor, "they are boarding out orphans in families now; I'll get you one. They pay a few shillings a month for the child's keep, and that will be a help to you. Try it."

A VERY small boy, blue eyed, and rosy cheeked, looked shyly at the man stretched out on the cane lounge. The man had only one arm, and the small boy became immediately absorbed in the empty sleeve of the man's coat. They looked at each other, the man and the boy, for a long time in silence. Then the man said, "What's your name, little one?"

"Jack."

"Jack what?"

"Nothing else, only Jack."

"Where's your father and mother?"

The small boy shook his head, "Gone," he answered, "runned away."

Then there followed another silence during which man and boy took stock of each other again. James Stonar broke the silence: "Your pinafore is undone behind," he said, "come here and I'll do it up for you."

The small boy came obediently up and stood with his back turned to Stonar. The maimed man fumbled at the button with his one hand. He was interrupted by a peal of childish laughter, gay, irresistible laughter: "You're tickling me," shrilled the small boy, and laughed

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again and again ecstatically. Tears filled James Stonar's eyes—he had never heard anything so gay and sweet as that child's laughter. The troublesome button was at length fastened; the simple operation seemed to give both man and boy confidence.

"Does it hurt?" said the child mysteriously.

"Sometimes," said James Stonar.

The small boy looked at Stonar with anxious sympathy. "Is it hurting now?" he asked.

"Not much."

The boy was obviously troubled by Stonar's reply; he crept slowly to the back of the cane lounge and asked, in a voice trembling with nervous reluctance, "Shall I sing you my song?"

"Yes, do," said Stonar.

"Jumbo said to Alice," piped the quavering little voice, "I love you.

Alice said to Jumbo—I don't believe you do.

For if you truly loved me, as you say you do,

You wouldn't go to Yankee land and leave me in the Zoo."

Stonar had not heard the foolish little jingle for over twenty years, as many years ago he had sung himself. They struck many strange chords, the foolish little jingle and the piping childish voice. Stonar drew the child tenderly from behind the cane lounge.

"Little man," he said, "who are you?"

"I'm Jack," said the child, "and I'm to be your little boy. Does it hurt now?" Without waiting for a reply the boy continued, "When I'm big and go to work I'll buy you a new arm." Stonar drew the child to him and kissed his rosy cheek.

Jack roused Stonar's mind unconsciously; after he had been in the Stonar's care some days it occurred to James Stonar that the child should be taught his alphabet.

"That is A," said Stonar, "A for apron."

"What's A?" said Jack.

"Two strokes meeting at the top, and one across the middle, that's A," explained Stonar.

"Why is A for apron?"

"Because A is the first letter in the word apron."

"Why is A a letter?"

"Because," said Stonar, dubiously, "it has got to be something, so it is a letter."

"What's a letter?"

"Things you make words of. The next letter is B: B for boy."

"B for boy," repeated Jack, "I'm a boy?"

"Yes."

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"You're a boy, too?"

Stonar laughed. "Yes," he said, "an old sort of boy."

"Do you like boys better than girls?"

"I don't know," said Stonar smiling.

"But you do like me better than girls?" There was wistful entreaty in the childish voice.

James Stonar laughed. "Of course I do," he answered.

Jack stretched his arms as far round James Stonar's body as the small arms would go: "I love you that much, and that much, and that much," he said and kissed a waistcoat button within reach of his mouth at each repetition of the words.

Stonar fondled the little head. "Well," he said, "let us go on with the alphabet?"

"What's alphabet?" said Jack.

"Letters make the alphabet."

"Why do letters make the alphabet?"

James Stonar was again nearing the resources of his exact knowledge. He stopped to think. "You see that tree out of the window?" he asked. "That's just tree, isn't it? When you cut that tree down it is wood; then out of that wood, which was once tree, you make tables and chairs; clothes-horses and window-sashes"—"and doors and cupboards," added Jack.

"Yes. And clothes pegs and broom handles, and all manner of things. That is exactly how you make letters into words, words into sentences, and sentences into stories."

"Will you tell me a story?"

"When we have done the alphabet. C is the next letter: C for candle."

"B for boy, C for candle," repeated Jack.

"A, B, C, are letters," continued Stonar, "but when you put them together like this, C, A, B, they make the word cab."

"A cab with a horse?" inquired Jack.

"Yes."

"A, B, C,—cab," said Jack.

"No, the other way about," corrected Stonar, "C, A, B,—cab."

"Can you undo words and make them into letters again?"

"I think so."

"And can you undo chairs and tables, and floors and cupboards and make them into trees again?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Stonar again perplexed, "we don't know how."

In this very simple fashion the links of love were again forged.

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James Stonar was linked back to life by love for this child. By the time Jack had mastered the alphabet James Stonar had become his "Daddy:" he analyzed him alphabetically as "Three D's, a-Y, and an A," and defied the world at large to spell him—"any other way." He loved his Daddy unquestioningly, with the absolute sincerity of a child. There was no one in the world as wise, as learned as Jack's Daddy.

Mrs. Stonar heard with deep thankfulness the voices of her husband and the child as she ascended the stairs after a hard day's work. Her relief was silent but intense. When she entered the room she was generally greeted with a recital of Jack's doings and sayings during the day. Or she would be expected to listen to an excited story of something Daddy had done from Jack.

"Daddy pulled his gun to bits this morning and put it together again," cried Jack.

"But Daddy hasn't got a gun, my dear."

"Oh, yes, he has; he can shoot things with it."

"He means my pistol," interposed Stonar.

"He put it together again and it goes 'click-click-click' when you pull the handle. When I'm big Daddy's going to shoot a big, nasty, black fellow for me, and we're going to put him under the lamp shade."

"And how shall we light the lamp?"

"We'll all go to bed early," said Jack, thoughtfully, "and then we shan't want to light the lamps."

Stonar laughed at the child's reply, and tears came into the silent wife's eyes at the sound of it. Stonar caught the thankful look on his wife's face. "What a bright little fellow he is!" he said. Then he realized suddenly how enormously his love for the boy had brightened his life and added gravely, "Betty, if anything should happen to that child it would be the finish of me."

JACK had been with the Stonars nearly three months before Miss Jane Wobbleswick appeared. Miss Wobbleswick was forty and made the worst of it. She had an income of five hundred and fifty dollars per annum, which had been left to her by her maternal grandfather, a grocer and a church member. She lived in lodgings on her small income in pious loneliness. Her time was taken up by "church" work, and she sat on committees. Miss Wobbleswick was at her best, or her worst, at sales of work and bazars. The great joy of these occupations was that they brought Miss Wobbleswick into contact with the upper classes. Once a year, at the Orphans' Fair the Honorable Edith Burgesson shook hands with her, and hoped Miss Wobbleswick was well; and once a year she went to the Duchess of Rarfborough's garden party.

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"Is this the little boy?" said Miss Wobbleswick, her voice and manner a cracked and heartless imitation of the voice and manner of the Honorable Edith Burgesson, "How are you, little boy?"

Jack hid his face against Stonar's shoulder.

"He's very well," said Stonar.

"I'm the visiting member of the boarding-out committee," continued Miss Wobbleswick; "I must report on this child. When does he go to bed?"

"Between half-past six and seven."

"And he gets up?"

"About seven."

"Children should have plenty of sleep. Do you like being here, little boy?"

"Do you want to go away from Daddy?" asked Stonar.

For answer Jack climbed onto the cane lounge, twined his arms round Stonar's neck, and for the rest of the interview whispered, "Daddy—Daddy," in Stonar's ear.

"I suppose he is happy?" said Miss Wobbleswick.

Stonar laughed. "I think he is," he said, "you've only got to love children to make them happy. I don't know what I should do without him."

"Oh!" said Miss Wobbleswick: she contrived to infuse the exclamation with a tinge of mildly indignant surprise. "How often does he have milk?"

"Twice a day."

"Where's Mrs—er—your wife?"

"She is out just now."

"Oh! And when do you expect her back?"

"Tonight."

"Oh! Is she always out till night?"

Stonar looked somberly down at his armless sleeve and shattered leg. "Yes," he said, "she is out most days working. I'm not much good to anybody but Jack."

"I remember your case," said Miss Wobbleswick hastily, "very sad, very sad. I think the boy looks white and delicate. Who looks after him?"

"I do," answered Stonar, rather shortly.

"Oh! But you can't take him out, and the child should spend hours in the fresh air every day. Have you any children of your own?"

"No," said Stonar, resentfully. Miss Wobbleswick always provoked resentment.

"Oh!" said Miss Wobbleswick again. Then she gathered herself

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together, said "Good morning," very frigidly, and took herself off.

A week later Mrs. Stonar, after Jack had been put to bed, put a large cardboard box on the kitchen table and began to pack Jack's small belongings. Stonar looked up in surprise. "What are you doing, Betty?" he asked.

"Jack is going away," she said quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Stonar.

"The committee are taking him away from us."

Stonar's face blanched. "What for?" he asked.

"Because they think I ought to look after him myself; they say you can't. They want the child to be in a family where there's other children, where the mother can look after him properly."

"Yes," said Stonar, almost stolidly, "when is he to go?"

"Tomorrow, Miss Wobbleswick is to fetch him at eleven o'clock."

Mrs. Stonar glanced at her husband's face; it looked ghastly.

"I've done all I could this week back," she said, "I've seen the doctor and all of the committee. The doctor went, too, he told the committee all the child is to us, to you and me. The committee said they could only consider the good of the child, it wasn't their place to consider anybody else. Then I offered to take the child for nothing, to do for the boy as if Jack was our own."

"And?" said Stonar, eagerly.

"They wouldn't hear of it."

"Betty, you're a good woman," said Stonar.

The old, haggard misery was back in her husband's face; to see it there again smote Mrs. Stonar hard. She walked over to the cane lounge and put her hand on her husband's sound shoulder, "Don't take it so hard, Jim," she said quietly, "we'll get another little lad and maybe have better——"

"No—no," interrupted Stonar, fiercely, "I couldn't take to any other child as I've taken to little Jack."

When Miss Wobbleswick arrived the next morning she found Jack playing with the pistol that, a minute or so before, James Stonar had turned on himself rather than sever again the links of love.

THE QUALITY OF FITNESS IN ARCHITECTURE AND FURNISHINGS: BY C. F. A. VOYSEY



ALL art is the manifestation of thought and feeling, the artistic quality of any object being that in it which stimulates thought and feeling. There must therefore always be varying degrees of art, from good to bad. According to our moral perceptions, we may arouse painful thoughts and feelings, or pleasant ones. The nobler ideas and emotions manifest the highest arts, quite apart from technical excellence. Every soul that breathes would like, if he could, to arouse in the minds and hearts of others the best impulses and acts. "Our friends are people who see the good in us and who believe in that good."

Many will ask, What have such theories to do with architecture? We believe them to be the essential basis of all the arts.

An architect may encourage greed or generosity in his client. He can suggest many vices, like deception and pretentious vulgarity, or fan into flame better thoughts and feelings, helping the struggle for good work, honest construction, simple dignity and harmony, repose and reticence. The architect may regard himself as a paid hireling whose first duty is to give his client what he thinks the client wants, never allowing his own conscience to interfere; saying, like a shopman, that he must meet all tastes; or he may tactfully encourage his client to have his needs supplied on given principles of strict integrity, and arouse in him enthusiasm for honest construction and frank admission of his true status and limitations. He can remind him of reverence which leads to respect for nature and all natural conditions, so blending his building harmoniously with nature, and making it as good as it looks, and not fraudulently in imitation of something better and more magnificent than his means can allow. Better frank simplicity than sham elaboration and pretentiousness.

Fitness is a divine law, and by fitness we mean not only *material suitability*, but *moral fitness*—that which expresses our best thoughts and feelings and our purest moral sense. We must recoil from all forms of dishonesty. If a client is greedy and wants too much accommodation for his money, we must refuse to supply it, if it necessitates shoddy building or weak and faulty construction. We must start with the determination to build as well as we can; then will follow such qualities as simplicity and repose, which, if truly loved and sought after, will affect our architecture not only in general design and planning, but in every detail. The proportions of our rooms will suggest repose if we are really striving for it as we design our building, and a peaceful homely effect will be produced by these qualities that will appeal to all in greater or less degree. The desire



C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

THE "NEW PASTURE HOUSE,"
NORTH LUFFENHAM, ENGLAND.



C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

STREET VIEW OF THE "NEW PASTURE
HOUSE," AT NORTH LUFFENHAM.
"MOON CRAG": WINDERMERE, ENG-
LAND.



"THE ORCHARD," CHORLEYWOOD, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND: BUILT FOR AND BELONGING TO C. F. A. VOYSEY.



C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

THE HALLWAY IN "MOUNT HOLLY," KNOBBY GREEN,
BEACONSFIELD, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND.

VIEW OF TWO FIREPLACES IN "MOUNT HOLLY": THE
"FRAME" OF THE FIREPLACE AT THE LEFT IS UNIQUE.

THE QUALITY OF FITNESS IN ARCHITECTURE

for fitness, will lead us to evolve our elevations out of our plans and requirements, never making our plans to fit a preconceived elevation. To squeeze the requirements of a mansion into the semblance of a Grecian temple must involve the violation of fitness and the expression of false sentiment. We are not Greeks, nor have we a Grecian climate, or Grecian materials and conditions. Moreover, an attentive study of local material and conditions will greatly aid us in securing harmony and rhythm, making our building look as if it grew where it stood in loving coöperation with its immediate surroundings.

THE knowledge of foreign architecture has done much to destroy the full and complete harmony in modern work which is the characteristic feature of all the finest buildings throughout the world. The more we study the conditions under which we build, the better. Not only climate and local material, but sometimes foreign materials, which, owing to facility of transit, are found to be more fit than local materials. And, above all, the character of our client and his best tastes and aspirations, remembering always, that it is not ourselves that we have to express, but moral qualities,—honesty, thoroughness, fitness and grace, refinement and harmony.

Our chief trouble is in combating the greedy who, wanting things to look better than they are, ask us to strive for *an effect* of richness without themselves incurring the cost of real richness. We need all our tact to preserve our integrity with such people. But it can be done, and must be done.

A frank use of common material well proportioned and fitly used, will often give a charming effect by reason of its frankness. You see at a glance what it is, and feel taken into the architect's confidence; whereas the covering up of construction with cheap elaboration, or material made to imitate something more costly, only makes you feel you have been cheated.

Again, a careful study of our climate makes us emphasize our roofs to suggest protection from weather. Large, massive chimneys imply stability and repose. Long, low buildings also create a feeling of restfulness and spaciousness. Small windows in proportion to wall space suggest protection. Bright, sunny rooms can still be secured by keeping the ceilings near the windows for reflection. It is foolish to make windows so large that until they have been half-covered with curtains you cannot live in the rooms. Besides, excess in curtaining is wasteful of money and labor, which is also contrary to fitness.

Many elaborations in modern architecture are useless and also

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wasteful of money and labor, adding to the expense of upkeep and often causing dirt and damp, which are injurious and destructive. Moreover, all ornament is pernicious unless it inspires good thought and feeling in others.

A *NATION produces the architecture it deserves*, and if in the main it is materialistic and sordid, we shall find all material qualities considered first and the moral and spiritual ones scarcely at all. Greed will crush out generosity and shams will smother poetry and sentiment. Men will prefer the imitation grandiose to simplicity and dignity. Things will not be what they seem. Bodily comfort and luxurious enjoyment will be valued above grace and refinement. Indeed, the modern materialist will not admit there can be any moral qualities suggested or conveyed by architecture. He sees no harm in jointing his stucco to imitate stone construction. So it is we see what we look for.

We must look for noble moral qualities in our fellow creatures, if we desire to find beauty. At present the world does not *seek* beauty, but expects to be given it for nothing—thrown in with a pound of tea. But nothing can be had for nothing in this life; and we must be prepared to pay—that is, make some sacrifice—for beauty, the sacrifice at least of devoted thought and loving endeavor. If your client does not understand this, it is your duty to inspire it in him, which you may often do by appealing to his judgment and sense of fitness. If the kitchen range is covered with polished iron moldings to make it look heavier than it is, he may be induced to dispense with the fraudulent parts on the plea that they waste the kitchen maid's time and labor. Then the simple range that is as heavy as it looks, and unpretentious, will have a chance, and produce the effect of breadth, goodness and strength without waste. Let breadth, goodness and strength be the keynote throughout your building, and then no one will feel cheated.

Generosity is a quality that affects our sense of proportion and improves our construction vastly. An ungenerous client will induce weakness in construction. The hidden parts will be reduced to their smallest dimensions, and servants' quarters will lack the comfort due them. And when all is done, the pride of architect, builder and workmen is gone, and anxious fear of being found out takes its place.

Generosity is a quality the poorest of us may possess; indeed, it is mostly found among the poor. If a man cannot afford to have everything as good as it looks, he had better go without. Shams are poisons and degrading.

On going over a house, you feel cheated if you find polished hard-

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wood and marble freely used in the reception rooms, while bedrooms and offices are in painted deal, cheap and tawdry. The same degree of durability may be used without any sacrifice of fitness, just as you may have fine finish and smoothness in a jewel case, while strength and durability, equally valuable, belong to the traveling chest.

Let no one suppose beauty can be wed to greed or vanity. If we want our houses to show how prosperous we are, don't think you can have architecture worthy of the name.

A LAW-ABIDING people, not impatient of discipline (like the well-trained soldier accustomed to obey) will produce an architecture conspicuous for its tidiness, repose and reticence, having the strength and vigor of the well controlled. But the lawless, slack and slovenly people, who are absorbed by the love of gain and pleasure, will produce the architecture we see all around us, which for the most part is restless and "rotten." Our attention is too much riveted on material things. Market values obscure the view of those qualities which go to purify and strengthen character. We do not object to ugliness, if it does not affect bodily comfort; whereas we ought to be waging eternal warfare against all forms of ugliness; mainly by keeping up a flaming love and desire for beauty. We must love all beauty—beauty of character, beauty of sound, sight, smell, touch and taste—with a passionate desire that is ever ready to make sacrifices for attainment. This burning love of the beautiful is really at the bottom of all true progress. It is something outside ourselves that lures us on in the improvement of character; so the more we can have in our architecture the better.

It is a common fault to regard beauty as a form of pleasure only, forgetting its influence on character and disposition. A peaceful, homely room, free from draughts, yet well ventilated and warm, with nothing in it that does not fulfil some useful purpose, and plenty of comfortable seats and places for work, with a big, hospitable-looking fire, high up above the hearth suggesting dignity and importance, will make you feel on entering that you can rest and be at peace with the world. So different is the usual confused motley of museum articles, in your way at every turn, and calling on your notice, worrying your sensations of color, form and texture, all at war with one another for supremacy, and the fire cringing on the floor and looking dejected and lost in the motley of glittering bright metal tiles, marbles and wood, all detracting from the natural brilliancy and vivacity of the burning embers. Such a room fills you with restless uncertainty and bewilderment. Few rooms are not overcrowded, as if the owner were seeking to impress you with a

PASSAGE

sense of his own importance and the multitude of his possessions. Richness of effect, he may call it, but it is only the richness of gluttony and confusion. True richness can only be attained through simplicity and fitness. Have what you own in the best material and workmanship of their several kinds, and true richness will be the effect. But no richness of effect will atone for draughty, damp or cold rooms; construction must be sound in theory and practice, if it is to be fit, and it must be fit if we would have it beautiful. We must arrive at beauty through fitness, and by no other road.

We are too often afraid to be ourselves, imitating the more wealthy. Many a poor man's house would be more comfortable and better built if he would dare to live in fewer rooms. But the artisan must have his drawing room and wax flowers, even if only required for funerals. If he lives in his kitchen, he must hide the fact. And in every class you find some people trying in vain to appear better off than they are, just as our architectural details strive to look better than they are: woodwork painted to look like marble, or grained to imitate oak. Deception everywhere! Surely the first condition of true art must be truth in every part. Our moral sense being given to us to help us in the pursuit of beauty as a means to improve character.

One word must be added on color. Be not afraid of bright color; it is a powerful aid to cheerfulness. Avoid crude mixtures of many colors, for cheerfulness and harmony can be secured with a few. The desire to suggest cheerfulness will help us to avoid large masses of brown, and all indefinite tints suggestive of decomposition. Rejoice not only in the colors of living nature, but above all in the proportions of her color schemes.

PASSAGE

HOW soon green April goes,
And the red rose,
And the perfect days
Only pale Grief delays.

Ah! suddenly Youth flies,
And beauty dies,
And it rains, it rains
But Love remains.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

HOME-BUILDING FROM AN INDIVIDUAL, PRACTICAL STANDPOINT: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY



RECENTLY a man who was interested in home-building problems put to me the following question: "How is a layman going to know when he has a satisfactory house from an architectural standpoint?" This is the sort of query that makes one stop and think, and as a builder I naturally feel that the line of argument which it opens up is one of deep importance, for it entails the consideration of not merely the art of building but life itself. The significance of the question lies in the fact that it contains more than the curiosity of a single individual; it reflects the bewildered attitude of many home-builders today. As the gentleman just quoted pointed out, when professional architects themselves disagree as to what is "good architecture" and what is "bad," how shall the average person decide?

In a discussion of this nature the best plan is to go back to first principles and define our terms. We find, then, that the word "architecture" is, roughly speaking, a label applied to buildings *after* they are erected, usually for purposes of historical identification. When the Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time built their dwellings they were not consciously creating a new style of architecture; they were simply *building houses*. It was only in later years, when historians, antiquarians and builders wanted to classify the work of that day, that they gave it the name "Elizabethan." The same is true of our Colonial period and all the other styles of various nations and ages.

In considering the building problems of today we are apt to overlook these simple facts. Instead of building what we need in the most natural and beautiful way, we hark back to the styles of preceding centuries, we judge by preconceived or borrowed standards and arbitrary rules based on architectural achievements in the past.

Some of our home-makers and builders, however, are beginning to break away from these traditions and build to suit their individual needs, according to the nature of the locality and circumstances. To such minds, a house is "architecturally satisfactory" when it fulfils in a direct and practical way the purpose for which it was built, and at the same time possesses pleasing proportion and design, without regard to whether or not it resembles any particular "period" or follows any special rules. Of course, the layman can determine whether a house is well designed and built only in so far as he possesses a feeling for proportion and a knowledge of structural principles.

Unfortunately it is just this knowledge and this feeling which

HOME-BUILDING FROM A HUMAN STANDPOINT

most of us cannot or will not take the trouble to acquire. We expect from our homes the utmost comfort, convenience and beauty that money can procure and builders and manufacturers can contrive, but it seldom occurs to us to secure these things through our own personal effort. We are constantly talking about making our homes express our individuality, and the reason so few of us accomplish this is because we do not put our individuality into them. Home-making, in fact, seems to be the branch of life from which we expect most and to which we give least.

If you ask people why they have not thought more about the vital points involved in home-building, they reply: "Why that is the architect's business! What is the use of having an architect if we are to do our own planning? Besides, we don't know about such things; we haven't the technical knowledge." And so they have to rely on other people's experience and advice to solve one of the most important and intimate problems of their lives. For after all, the building of a home is a serious matter. Most people build but once, and then it means investing the savings of a lifetime. It means, too—or at least it should mean—the embodying in concrete form of their own ideals and aspirations, their feeling about home relationships and household tasks; it means the reflection in their home of their own personality.

IN the first place, the house should *be itself*, not an imitation of other houses; free from all false pretense or affectation of a luxury it cannot attain. In fact, style is the least important thing. If the house is built strongly and carefully, of suitable materials, to meet the owner's needs, with due consideration for beauty of proportion and detail, then it will be a law unto itself; it will have created its own style. And how much more permanent and wholesome an influence will such a dwelling have upon the lives of those within, and especially upon the children whose minds retain so easily the impressions of their early surroundings. They will unconsciously learn from it independence of thought, fearlessness of expression, love of simplicity and beauty and the sincerity of a true home atmosphere.

In planning the arrangement of the house itself one should always be careful to leave free and ample spaces for the social life of the family, avoiding all unnecessary partitions which would entail extra outlay and add complexity to the housework. The living room with its fireplace should centralize the interest of the interior and sound the keynote of comfort and hospitality. The dining room and kitchen should be so arranged as to minimize the housewife's steps,

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and where no maid is kept the most sensible plan is to have the kitchen large enough to allow some of the meals to be taken there. For there is no reason why this part of the house should not be as cheerful and attractive and homelike as any other, and certainly where the mother has to do all her own work both she and the family would get more real comfort by simplifying the serving of meals as much as possible. The convenient arrangement of stairway, bedrooms and bath, and the provision of ample closet and storage spaces will likewise need serious consideration. And in this connection we cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that the servant problem as well as many others of individual and national importance may be solved by the *right kind of architecture*.

As to the structure of the house, this should be as plain as possible, with no useless frills and ornaments that would rot or retain moisture. The house should be built to withstand the weather, to keep out heat and cold. The beauty of both exterior and interior should be attained through adherence to good proportions, the right relation of the width of the building to its length, and of these two to the height, and the relation of the whole to its surroundings. The length and angle of the roof lines, the placing of chimneys, doors and windows—out of the right adjustment of these things the structural beauty of the house will grow. The windows, in fact, form a feature of great importance, for they hold great decorative possibilities. Well-placed windows are a pleasant break in the monotony of a wall and add much to the charm of the rooms within. Wherever possible the windows should be grouped in twos or threes, thus emphasizing a necessary and attractive feature of the construction, avoiding useless cutting up of wall spaces, linking the interior more closely with the surrounding garden, and providing pleasant views and vistas beyond.

WHILE the living and sleeping porches will be important features of the plan, it must not be forgotten that in most of our States we require the shelter of a porch during only three or four hot months of the year, and the rest of the time we need all possible light and sunshine for the rooms inside. Therefore, in building the porches care should be taken that while they are ample enough to afford plenty of opportunity for outdoor living and sleeping, they do not cut off too much light from the interior.

The exposure of the various rooms is another point which should receive attention, those which are to be most lived in needing the best southern and eastern aspects.

All these and many other points must the prospective home-

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builder consider if he would see his dreams embodied in practical form. And when it comes to the actual building of the house he must realize that if the result is to be as close as possible to his ideal, if it is to be truly *his own*, it is "up to him" to make it so. Knowing the human frailties of architects and builders, of masons and painters, carpenters and cabinetmakers, he knows that even though he may entrust his work to men with the highest personal and professional reputations and the best intentions, it is absurd to expect them to give it the same personal care and zeal, the same diligence and forethought which the owner himself would give. But then comes the natural objection, how can a man set himself up to direct and criticize work in which he has never specialized, of which he has perhaps only a general and fragmentary knowledge? It will require study, investigation, constant supervision of every detail. Well, he must make up his mind to give the time and energy which this will entail. If he cannot do it, he might almost better not build at all.

If the owner is wise, therefore, he will insist upon the specifications being drawn up in minute detail, so that when the contractors make their bids they may itemize their estimates for each separate thing. He will then know, when he looks over the bids, what each contractor proposes to charge him for the various materials and for labor, and will be able to compare the bids and investigate the reasons for different prices, deciding in favor of the contractor who promises the highest quality for the most reasonable figure.

IN all these things the owner will find himself constantly brought up against his own ignorance of practical architectural matters; he will have to familiarize himself not only with technical terms and their meanings but also with the actual processes of the work, the theories and practices of building and the various forms of construction.

He will have to decide, for instance, whether he wants to use smooth-faced brick or those of rougher texture; whether the best effect can be obtained by raked-out joints or those that are cut flush with the face of the wall. He will find that much depends upon the color and nature of the mortar used, and that if field stone is employed for part of the walls or the fireplace an artistic and unusually beautiful effect can be insured by giving personal attention to the selection of the pieces and the manner in which they are laid. He will have to familiarize himself with the different kinds of shingles and their stains if the roof and gables are to be as weather-proof and attractive as possible, while the choice and finishing of the wood for the interior trim will also need considerable supervision.

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In fact, all those details which contribute so much to the success or failure of the house will need the owner's personal attention, and in familiarizing himself with the innumerable problems that crop up—commercial, practical and æsthetic—he will be incidentally acquiring an invaluable knowledge of the principles and requirements of the building art—getting, in short, his architectural education.

Nor does the work of the owner end here; in fact, this is only the beginning. For when ground is broken and the building operations are begun he must be as constantly as possible on the spot, making sure that the work is progressing with the thoroughness and care that are so indispensable to the right result.

Then when the building has reached completion its owner will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has earned his title in the fullest sense of the word. For the house will represent his own endeavors and desires; it will be the concrete embodiment of his ideal home so far as his efforts and the coöperation of architect and builder could make it.

When the building of our houses is undertaken in this spirit, then and then only may we hope to evolve an architecture that will last. Then only can we express in our homes that spirit of practical democracy which promises to be the ruling influence in our coming national life.



HOW LOS ANGELES BUILT THE GREATEST AQUEDUCT IN THE WORLD: A STORY OF INTERESTING MUNICIPAL ACTIVITY: BY OLGA BRENNECKE



NE half of the United States doesn't know what the other half is doing. This is greatly to be regretted, because either half might learn much from the experiences and performances of the other. Los Angeles affords a case in point. The city has just completed the greatest aqueduct in the world. Its construction involved a number of unique and daring engineering feats. Its cost has been enormous, but the assured returns from it more than justify the outlay.

It is, however, as an example of municipal independence and efficiency that this great undertaking is chiefly interesting. In a country which is dry nine months in the year and has but a scanty rainfall during the other three, water attains a value that cannot be appreciated by the Easterner. Its availability for irrigation increases the price of land twentyfold. Then again, where fuel is scarce it is a means of materially reducing the otherwise high cost of power by displacing steam with electrical energy. So that, in southern California hardly any price is considered too great to pay for an adequate water service.

The Franciscan friars, versed in the art of irrigation, placed the *pueblo* of Los Angeles on the banks of a river and based the boundaries of the future town upon a calculation of the area which might be watered by drawing upon the stream. In the course of time this space was occupied by ranches. These in turn were gradually absorbed by the residences and business buildings until, at length, brick and mortar entirely absorbed field and orchard.

Now, it is a curiously convenient fact that the water needed to irrigate a certain area is almost exactly the amount that will be required by the people of a city bounded by the same limits. So that, in the case of Los Angeles, the transition from rural to urban conditions took place without creating a water problem. But the respite was short-lived. The city grew at a prodigious rate, increasing its population thirtyfold in thirty years. The utmost possible draughts upon the river failed to meet the requirements of the population. Recourse to pumping afforded relief for a while, but the constantly increasing demand soon outstripped the new supply. A few years ago it was found that the drain upon the subterranean stores had resulted in markedly lowering their levels. It became necessary to look for an entirely new source of supply, and one which would be equal to the



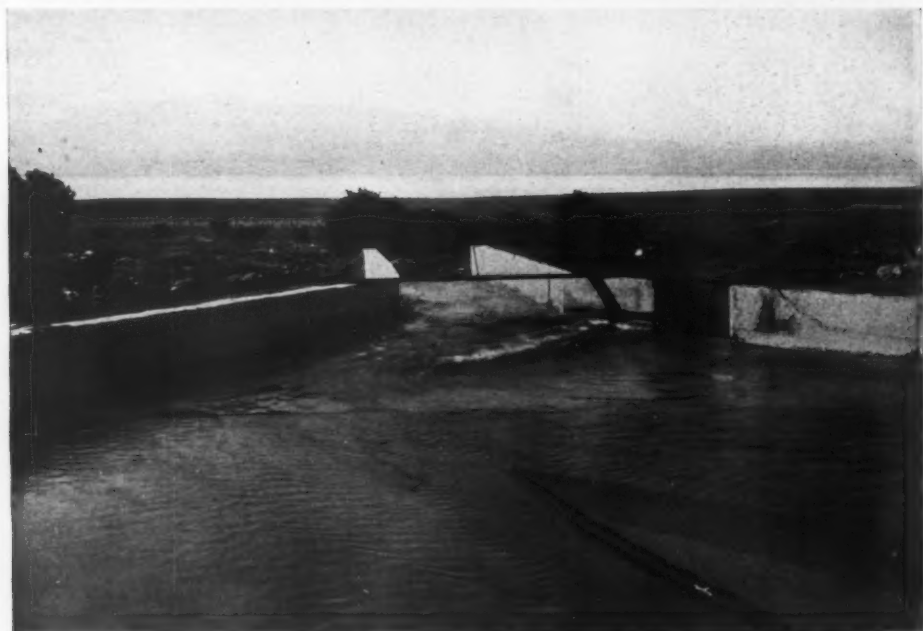
COTTONWOOD CREEK, ONE OF THE NUMEROUS
TRIBUTARIES OF THE OWENS RIVER WHICH
SUPPLIES THE GREAT LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT.



PUTTING THE CONCRETE LINING IN A SECTION OF
THE LOS ANGELES TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-MILE
CONDUIT, THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD.



UPPER DIVISION OF THE POWER PLANT OF THE CALIFORNIA AQUEDUCT:
ONE OF THE THREE GREAT PLANTS WHICH FURNISH POWER FOR THE
CONSTRUCTION, ALONG WITH FIVE HUNDRED BUILDINGS, A LARGE CE-
MENT MILL, A TELEPHONE SYSTEM AND A SERIES OF WAGON ROADS.



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN SECTION WHICH HAS BEEN PIERCED IN THE JAWBONE DIVISION OF THE LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT SYSTEM.

OVERHEAD CROSSING IN THE OWENS VALLEY FOR ONE OF THE NUMEROUS MOUNTAIN STREAMS THAT HELP TO FEED THE WATER SUPPLY FOR THE MOST PROFITABLE PUBLIC UTILITY IN THE WORLD.

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future necessities of a city already making provision in all its public works for a million inhabitants.

By exercising its right of eminent domain, Los Angeles might have made available some neighboring water courses. This measure, however, would have been no more than a temporary postponement of the difficulty. But, what was of more consequence, extensive fruit lands owed their productivity to the streams in question. Rather than destroy these high-priced properties, the city decided to solve the problem once and for all by seeking water at a distance, where it could be obtained in practically unlimited quantity, and secured without injury to existent or prospective developments.

EXTENSIVE surveys were made and revealed a desirable source in the Owens Valley, lying at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet, on the slope of the Sierra Nevada. This river, fed by the melted mountain snows of summer, flows into a dead lake, more than one hundred square miles in area, from which the annual evaporation is equivalent to seven feet of depth. By intercepting the stream above the lake and diverting it to reservoirs, a vast amount of water, which would otherwise have been wasted, was conserved and turned to beneficial account.

From the point of view of supply this source was satisfactory, but it could only be reached by crossing two hundred miles of lifeless desert and penetrating to the heart of rugged and forbidding mountains, involving the most difficult engineering work. The project would cost twenty-four million dollars, a sum which the city could secure only by straining its bonding resources to the utmost. Despite these deterring conditions, the people of Los Angeles voted nine to one in favor of undertaking the great work. The ground for their confidence is given in the following story that is well worth recital.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, the city of Los Angeles granted a thirty years' franchise to a water company. In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, the water system of Los Angeles was about as bad as the worst in the country. Some parts of the city had no water and could not get any. The rate was high, the plant in poor condition, and the company losing money.

In nineteen hundred, the municipality secured the corporation's property at a purchase price of two million dollars. At that time the *per capita* consumption was three hundred gallons daily. A meter system was installed, with the result of diminishing the consumption by half. As this reduction has been accompanied by a decrease of sixty per cent. in the rate, it is safe to assume that measurement of his supply has not induced the consumer to stint himself in the proper use

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of the water, and that the curtailment of output represents saving from waste.

San Francisco charges twenty-four cents per thousand gallons for water; Alameda, thirty cents; Berkeley, thirty-five cents; Oakland, forty cents. In each of these instances, the water system is operated by a commercial corporation. The people of Los Angeles are getting water for less than ten cents, the lowest rate in the United States, and that from the most profitable municipal water works in the country. It has never cost the citizens one cent of taxes. It has taken care of its own sinking fund, principal and interest. It not only pays for its maintenance and operation, but also for all improvements. And its net earnings exceed six hundred thousand dollars a year.

Officials and citizens are unanimous in the opinion that this wonderful success is attributable to the splendid management of William Mulholland, Chief Engineer, under whose direction the Aqueduct was constructed, and to the fact that the Water Bureau has been kept free from politics and its employees have been subjected to civil service regulations.

THEIR experience with the municipal water system warranted the taxpayers of Los Angeles in embarking on the audacious enterprise of bringing their water from a source two hundred and fifty miles distant, which is as though New York should pipe from the Potomac at Washington, but in the latter case the physical obstructions would not be as great as those which have been overcome in carrying out the Los Angeles project.

The work was offered to contractors throughout the country. The lowest bid received was considerably higher than the estimate of the city's engineers. To them the task was entrusted, and it has been carried on for four years by day labor without any contracts. The aqueduct has been completed within the time and cost limits of the estimate, a remarkable illustration of municipal efficiency.

This experience appears to furnish a refutation of the common statement that a municipality cannot perform work as cheaply as a contractor can. The only essential advantage that the latter has is the possession of a plant, and that advantage disappears when the operation is sufficiently great to justify the purchase by the municipality of a special equipment, and the establishment of an organization on a business basis.

A competitive and bonus system has had much to do with the economy and rapidity attained in the work. Different sections of the line were inspected and a time set for the completion of each. Whenever a crew was able to accomplish its task in less than the given time

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a bonus was paid to each member of it. Monthly reports of unit costs and progress in all parts of the work made public the credit, or otherwise, due to the men in charge. These rewards and records stimulated a keen rivalry among the various divisions and gangs. Men voluntarily worked overtime, and on one occasion a number of them and their foreman labored waist-deep in water in the effort to pierce a rock wall before a force that was attacking it from the other side. In the course of the operation American records for both hard and soft rock-tunneling were established. The Elizabeth Tunnel, which is five miles in length and, after the Gunnison Tunnel, the longest duct of its kind in the United States, occupied forty months of twenty-four-hour working days. It was lighted and ventilated by electricity, and the men and their supplies were transported by trolley.

AN Act of Congress was necessary to empower the municipality to purchase certain public lands and to grant it right of way through two national forest reserves. This Act provides that: "The City of Los Angeles is prohibited from ever selling or letting to any corporation or individual, except a municipality, the right for such corporation or individual to sell or sublet the water sold or given to it or him by the city." The charter of the city has been modified so as to provide against the sale of water or power to any but actual consumers, except by vote of the taxpayers. Thus has been precluded the possibility of graft or abuse in the distribution of the precious fluid.

The operation has been carried across two hundred miles of desert, and was possible only after an enormous amount of preliminary work had been done. A large cement mill, three power plants, upward of five hundred buildings, a telephone system two hundred and forty miles in length, and wagon roads of nearly the same extent, were built as auxiliaries to the main construction.

The system consists of six storage reservoirs and two hundred and fifty-five miles of conduit. The largest of the former is situated at the head of the system, seven thousand feet above sea level. Its capacity is two hundred and forty thousand acre feet, which is only about eight per cent. less than that of New York's Ashokan reservoir. This vast store will be held in reserve against a succession of years of drought, such as occur but three or four times in a century. Fifty miles below this reservoir, the main canal, with a capacity of four hundred cubic feet per second, diverts the river into the Haiwee Basin, from which a supply of two hundred and eighty-five million gallons daily may be drawn.

Much of the work is of a spectacular character. The immense cement-lined and covered conduit, sixty-five feet at bottom, carries a

RAIN AT TWILIGHT

volume of water equal to that of a good-sized river. The largest concrete pipe ever constructed is used in places. Canyons are crossed by steel pressure tubes, ten feet in diameter. For forty miles the line forces its way along the rugged face of the Sierra. Tunnel follows tunnel, totaling forty-three miles.

Several drops in the course of the aqueduct make feasible the generation of one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power of electrical energy without interfering with the constant delivery of four hundred second-feet of water. The sale of this power and of the surplus water will make the Los Angeles aqueduct the most profitable public utility in the world. A large demand exists and is constantly growing. The city's power consumption has been doubling yearly for some time past. It is paying two hundred and forty thousand dollars annually for lighting. In the vicinity is four times as much irrigable land as that at present supplied with water, only awaiting a supply to be put into cultivation.

RAIN AT TWILIGHT

THERE was a softness in the wind
Like sweetness of the tongue
When care is hushed and grief is kind,
And plaintive songs are sung.

The grassy valleys and the fells
Beneath the misty skies
Grew full of dreams like asphodels
In meads of paradise.

And gently as the thoughts of love
Come homing to the breast,
The swallow and the mourning dove
Each sought its sheltering nest.

Then like the finger of a friend
Soft tapping on the pane
The swift drops fell, and day had end
In mystery and rain.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SINGING MOTHERS: BY ANNE P. L. FIELD



HEY came to me in a dream—those singing mothers. A long, slow procession of shadowy forms, beautiful as rainbows, and as wonderful, singing a strange haunting melody full of mystery. First came troops of girl-mothers, clasping their little babes with a tenderness that was half fear and with wide, inquiring eyes filled with holy light and the consciousness of the deepest realization of life. Then came strong mothers of youth, leading happy-faced children and confident with a sense of power; buoyant with hope and radiant with promise. Last of all came silver mothers of men, leaning on their stalwart sons and though bowed with years, yet gloriously young in spirit; hallowed by memories and glowing with the victory of achievement. And I, a mother, watching these pass by and listening to their haunting music felt as never before the divine significance of motherhood, and all the hidden meanings in the word "singing."

Singing, of course, immediately suggests a musical sound, such as the clear call of the skylark who—"singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." How delightful it is to lie in the long grass in some sunny meadow and hear the insect orchestra fiddling and humming away the hours! And then the singing of instruments in a great orchestra! The clear treble of the violin; the mellow magic of the 'cello; the sonority of the French horn, or the pellucid ripple of the harp, all the "concord of sweet sound" issuing from pipe or reed or string. But the marvel of mysteries is the singing voice. We think of all the singing voices that have charmed a listening world since the beginning of time. Voices in opera, concert or cathedral. Voices so exquisite that they seemed scarcely human, and that had the power to sway and soothe and satisfy the hearts of multitudes.

Then there are the great choruses that have swept us up to the very gates of Heaven. Who of us can hear the Hallelujah chorus at the Christmas season, and not see the unfolding of those "portals everlasting?" Some years ago I heard a chorus of ten thousand voices sing our hymn of patriotism, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and as that mighty volume of sound rose from those singing throats, it seemed as if the Declaration of Independence were actually signed and sealed in the heart of every individual in that vast assemblage. Mere excess of emotionalism perhaps you will call it. That it may be, nevertheless it is that inrush of emotion, of which music is one of the divine agents, which keeps alive the idealism of a nation. It is the irresistible urge without which no great thing is ever accomplished.

All this is music in a marvelous mood, but there is no music on earth more appealing, or more far-reaching, than the voice of a mother singing to her little ones. No audience ever listened with keener rap-

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ture to any prima donna than that little group gathered in the twilight hour at a mother's knee. It is her dearest joy at that time to put into music all the sacredness of motherhood and the happiness of childhood; to teach and to charm and to tune the hearts of her children.

But musical sound is not the only interpretation of the word "singing."

H EARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." There is a soundless music of the soul to which anyone, young or old, rich or poor, is heir. It is the universal music of life—the deep joy that abides in everything. It is the rhythmic pulse that beats unseen in all beauty, and that transforms ugliness into a thing of delight. In the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam there hangs Nicolas Maes' famous picture, "Old Woman Saying Grace." What do you see in it? Just a wrinkled crone, bent and worn with the stress of years, with hands clasped in prayer. But look closer and you see a transcendent beauty before which you stand in awe. It is the music in her soul—the inner singing, that floods her face with sublime melody, and makes a song of those shriveled cheeks and those sunken eyes and turns those reverent hands into a magnificat of praise. A deep joy was in that woman's spirit, a joy which no grief or care could obliterate, and which Maes, that master of interpretation, caught and made immortal.

There is soundless singing in the perfume of a rose; or the beat of a firefly's wing against the dark; or the breath of the wind over the smooth surface of a lake—all these have their song for those who understand.

The prophet Isaiah has sung "Break forth into joy; sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem," and I love to think of those "waste places" singing—blossoming into melodies of leaf and flower, for surely there can be no "waste places" in the realm of joy. Richard Le Gallienne epitomizes that joy in his beautiful "Easter Song,"—

"Arise my heart; yea, go thou forth and sing!

Join thou thy voice to all this music sweet

Of crowding leaf and busy, building wing,

And falling showers;

The murmur soft of little lives new-born,

The armies of the grass, the million feet

Of marching flowers."

And if this deep sense of joy is the mainspring of life, the music that sets in motion all the enthusiasm and the blessed activities of existence, then truly a mother's heart is the fountain from which this

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spring of joy is fed. When I think of a singing mother, I think not only of a mother of the singing voice, lovely and inspiring as she may be, but I think of a still lovelier singing—the singing heart, the dream singing that has power to rule the world.

“We are the music makers,

And we are the dreamers of dreams.”

Can any woman who has borne a child feel anything but a rapturous wonder at the potentiality which is hers in her relationship to the future?

In these crowded times when the air is resonant with the voices of mothers too busy with society or careers to pay much attention to their children, it seems as if the dream spirit which is the natural right of motherhood is being overshadowed by the spirit of materialism. It is the mother of today in whose delicate hands is the molding of the men of tomorrow. Froebel emphasizes that responsibility in the “Education of Man.” “In the foundation of every new family, the Heavenly Father, eternally working the welfare of the human race, speaks to man through the Heaven he has opened in the hearts of its founders. With the foundation of every new family there is issued to mankind and to each individual human being the call to represent humanity in pure development, to represent man in his ideal purity.” Colleges and schools and the thousand and one advantages of modern life have their important place and their well-deserved influence, but it is the mother whose heart is aflame with the joy of motherhood, and a realization of its divine responsibilities, who is the primal force in the glorious development of humanity.

ONCE knew a charwoman who was a beautiful illustration of a singing mother. She had to leave her two little children at a day nursery when she went to work, but when she called for them at night, no matter how weary and footsore she was, her face was radiant with a love and joy that brought tears to the eyes of all who saw it. “Sure, ther’s nothin’ like bein’ a mother, is there, ma’am?” she would say—“but ther’s many a mother what don’t know it!” I have no fear for the future of that woman’s children, for they have received an inheritance beyond rubies, and this world is a sweeter place to live in because of her and others like her. Mr. Barrie was supremely right when he said, “A man can learn more at his mother’s knee than by swaggering in bad company over three continents.” And Mr. Eliot Gregory touches the same truth in his essay on “Charm.” “There are few men, I imagine, of my generation to whom the words ‘home’ and ‘mother’ have not a penetrating charm, who do not look back with softened heart and tender thoughts to fireside scenes of evening read-

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ings and twilight talks at a mother's knee, realizing that the best in their natures owes its growth to these influences."

There are divine indications stirring everywhere that the dream-spirit is returning to the world; surely it is to literature as one of our poet-critics has recently observed, and if to literature why not to motherhood? There are signs on every side that all the dear old-fashioned ideals of the past are returning to join hands with the progressive ideals of the present, and what a combination that will be! The immense vogue of the mothers' club of which even the tiniest village now boasts, shows the earnestness with which the modern young mother is striving for the best methods and results in rearing her children. . . .

"But the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."—It is that "still small voice," that inner, singing voice that is to bring about the return of the dream to motherhood and that will enable the mother of today to see with that star-eyed mother of Judea, her child "grow and wax strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God."



THE CHARM AND USEFULNESS OF THE GARDEN SWIMMING POOL: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS



ALTHOUGH we are gradually learning to plan our gardens for the utmost beauty and comfort, to provide for pergolas, outdoor sleeping rooms, lounging retreats, arbors and sheltered walks, gates and fountains, there is still one feature that as yet has not claimed much attention. It is the garden swimming pool. Water in a garden is always beautiful, whether it flows in a stream that flashes and murmurs over a rocky bed, or lies in a silent gleaming pool that mirrors the flowers and trees that bend above it, and thus doubles their charm. The sheen of water adds sparkle and life to any scheme of garden beauty, and often simplifies the problem of keeping the grounds fresh and green.

Naturally, a pool large enough for swimming and bathing would only be possible in the real country, or in a sparsely settled suburban community, for most home sites, especially in the East, would afford opportunity for nothing much larger than a bird bath. But for a garden that is extensive enough to provide the necessary seclusion, nothing could be more delightful than opportunity for an early morning plunge and swim in a fresh pool a few steps from the house.

Private swimming pools, like nearly all other garden accessories, may be large or small, costly or inexpensive. They may be made to serve as a garden irrigation reservoir, or they may be especially designed as a distinctively formal feature of the grounds. If planned for an informal country estate, whether or not the pool is intended to serve a twofold purpose, a garden reservoir will be naturally more appropriate, while, of course, a pool for bathing purposes only will be more suited to a formal scheme.

The designers should bear in mind that the swimming pool, aside from its utilitarian value, also affords decorative possibilities. It may be hidden behind some stately old trees and edged with a winding path hedged with flowers and shrubbery. In a formal garden it invites the use of classic pillars to form a screen, with perhaps a pergola path, a flashing fountain and a few garden seats. Then, too, there is always the pool itself, which will lend beauty to any plan.

The principal essential of swimming pools is to arrange for a constantly changing supply of fresh water. This, however, does not mean that if the supply be furnished through a private pumping plant the feed and waste pipes must be kept flowing continuously, but that there should be at least a partial change of water each day. If the outflow is used for irrigating the grounds, as is often planned, this problem is satisfactorily solved without a real waste of water,

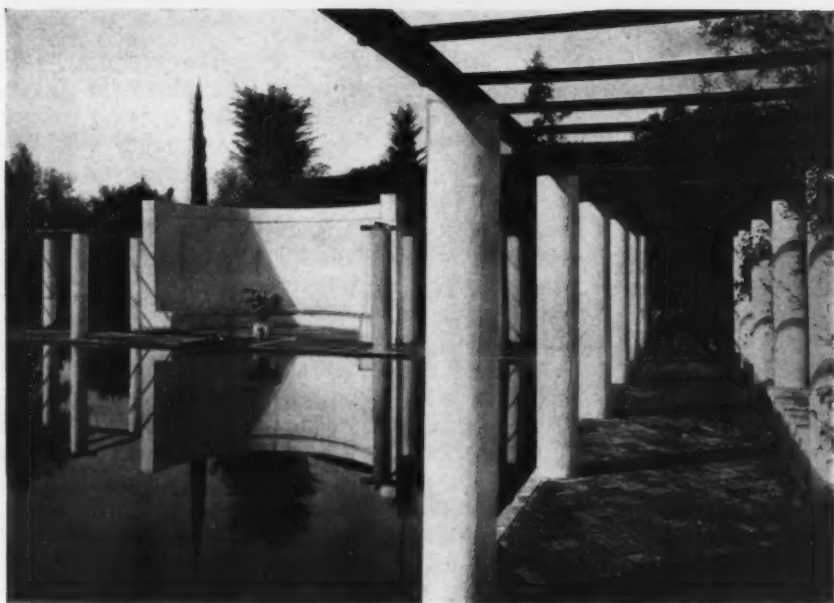
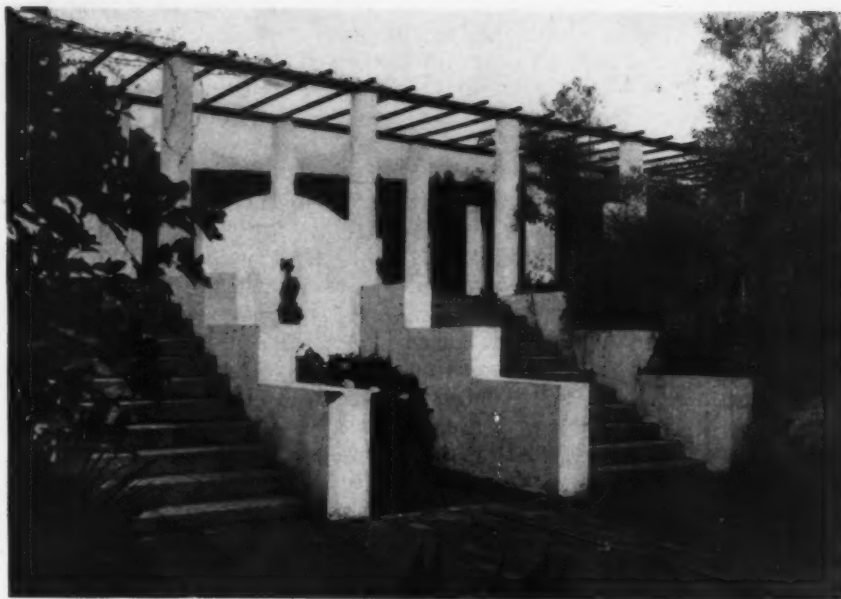
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and the flow for irrigation purposes will usually be as strong as is necessary. It is a simple matter to proportion the feed and waste pipes so that the pool will remain at a fixed level, and in the formal garden this will be particularly desirable. Provision should also always be made for emptying the pool now and then so that it may be cleaned.

TO illustrate some of the possibilities in the designing of swimming pools for private grounds, we are using a variety of pictures of real garden pools. The first two illustrations show a pool that forms a prominent feature of a rather extensive formal garden. The pool is forty-five feet wide by about seventy feet long, and graduates in depth from three feet at one end to eight feet at the other. The basin is constructed entirely of concrete, and the fixed level of the water is within about two inches of the top edge of the walls. A brick walk extends entirely around it, and over this walk, except for a space of a few feet at one end, there is a pergola with white concrete pillars. A semicircular seat with a high wall-like back has been built into the break in the pergola. The seat is made of concrete, and in the center of the semicircle there is a small fountain that helps to feed the pool. One of the photographs shows the entrance to the pergola, formed by two flights of steps separated by still another fountain. The arrangement of the trees and shrubbery gives the pool ideal seclusion.

Two other photographs also illustrate the swimming pool of a formal garden. This one is considerably smaller than the other, however, and is of simpler construction. It is ten feet wide by twenty feet long, and varies in depth from three feet, six inches to seven feet. The water here also comes to within about two inches of the top, and a cement walk about three feet wide extends entirely around the pool. A spring-board is placed at the deeper end. The pool is enclosed by a simple railing, with pillars at intervals supporting a framework coping,—which is all painted white except for the narrow openwork roofing that extends over the walk. The waste water from this pool, as well as from the other pool described, although they are formal garden accessories, is used for irrigation.

Two other illustrations show the combination reservoir and the swimming pool of a country estate in southern California. It is an extensive pond-shaped basin, concrete lined, with irregular depths. It is bordered by pepper trees, banana trees, pampas grass, several varieties of flowers and various other kinds of shrubbery, which furnish a semitropical setting. Winding around it in snakelike curves runs a graveled path, leading to spring-boards and to shaded seats.



TWO VIEWS OF A SWIMMING POOL IN A LARGE FORMAL GARDEN, THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE PERGOLA, AND THE LOWER ONE GIVING A GLIMPSE OF THE POOL, THE SHELTERED SEMICIRCULAR SEAT AT ONE END AND THE BRICK WALK THAT RUNS AROUND IT.



TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SMALL POOL IN A FORMAL GARDEN: THIS POOL IS TEN FEET WIDE AND TWENTY FEET LONG AND GRADUATES IN DEPTH FROM THREE FEET SIX INCHES TO SEVEN FEET: THE WASTE WATER FROM THIS POOL IS USED FOR IRRIGATING THE GARDEN.



A PICTURESQUE GARDEN SWIMMING POOL, SPANNED BY A RUSTIC BRIDGE :
A COMFORTABLE SUMMER HOUSE IS NESTLING IN WHAT SEEMS TO BE
THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

AN ARTIFICIALLY CREATED LAKE, USED BOTH FOR SWIMMING POOL AND
RESERVOIR. SURROUNDED BY A WILDERNESS OF TREES AND SHRUBBERY.



TWO PICTURES OF A COMBINATION RESERVOIR AND SWIMMING POOL ON A COUNTRY ESTATE IN CALIFORNIA: THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY IS MOUNTAINOUS AND THE POOL HAS THE EFFECT OF BEING A SMALL NATURAL LAKE.

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The surrounding country is mountainous, and the pool has the effect of being a small natural lake.

Another photograph illustrates an artificially-created lake. It is used for both swimming pool and reservoir, and was formed by damming a small stream that was usually dry and providing it with the necessary feed and waste pipes. It is surrounded by a wilderness of trees and shrubbery.

In still another picture is given merely a suggestion of what can be done to make the private swimming pool an interesting and decorative garden feature. It may terminate at one end in an irregular lagoon, spanned by rustic bridges, or carry its surplus water through the grounds to convenient points for irrigation. The bit of garden shows the harmonious blending of the artificial into the natural.

It is doubtful if any other garden feature is subject to such extremes of cost as the swimming pool. This is due, of course, to the wide variation in size of the pools, and to the different methods of construction. It can be built anywhere from a few hundred dollars to as high as several thousand. One builder has placed the probable range at from seven hundred to fifteen thousand dollars. Where it is only necessary to dam a garden brook, however, the cost will probably be even less than the smaller sum, whereas, a pool for the formal grounds may cost an almost unlimited amount of money.

A very attractive swimming pool can be built at less expense than the costs given, however. A pleasant little pool of concrete construction, will measure, for instance, fourteen feet wide by twenty-eight feet long, and will graduate in depth from three feet at one end to seven feet six inches at the other. The concrete walls should be constructed with a base one-half as broad as the wall is high, and the flooring should be about six inches thick. The concrete mixture should be composed of one part Portland cement, three parts sand and six parts broken stone. The cost of the excavating, if the soil is loamy and easy to work, will be about thirty dollars; the concrete work will amount to approximately five hundred dollars, and the necessary piping and connections will cost in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars—making a total cost, without any of the decorative work, of a little less than six hundred and fifty dollars. The finishing work will probably cost from two hundred dollars upward. These figures are given only for the purpose of conveying a rough idea of swimming pool costs, and can, of course, vary considerably in either direction.

DO PARENTS SHIRK THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES? A STUDY OF THE CHILD IN THE HOME: BY CRAWFORD RICHMOND GREEN, M.D.

"The spirit of childhood is like some frail flower that requires the most delicate handling."



THE study of child life is giving evidence of becoming ultrascientific; data and statistics of the most elaborate character are being accumulated concerning the development of the child, and we may well wonder whether the conscientious parent who is *not* versed in the sciences of biology and psychology and pedagogy is not appalled rather than helped by so great a show of learning in regard to what would seem to be the simplest matters of everyday life. Is it not quite natural that such parents should inquire: "How does all this concern me, and how does it affect the welfare of my children?"

The present era has been called "the century of the child," for at no other period has so much popular attention been devoted to the problems of childhood or so much actually accomplished toward the solution of those problems. At the present day society is making gigantic strides to banish from the earth the physical handicaps to which children have been subjected for centuries. The multiplication of milk stations to provide adequate nourishment for the children of the poor; the establishment of boys' and girls' clubs to uplift neglected children; medical inspection of schoolchildren, legislation directed against child labor, and the institution of separate courts for juvenile delinquents are but few of the many efforts directed toward this end.

Yet, if we consider the essential part that home life should play in the culture of the child, we realize that the present state of civilization will hardly suggest that we have arrived at the Golden Age of childhood. The increase of luxurious living among families of moderate means, as well as among the rich, evidenced by the growing popularity of hotel and club life among both men and women, and the never-ceasing call of the automobile, the golf links and the yacht—all these constitute a great and serious factor in our social life whereby the child is made to suffer. Whatever demands of social life tend to take the parent from the home, work directly to the disadvantage of children. In the development of the child, parents play an important rôle, with certain definite functions to perform, and these functions cannot be carried out by deputy. No tutor, however competent, can perform the duties of a father, and no nursemaid can fulfil the true vocation of the mother.

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THE vital problem of childhood is not so much what society may do toward the alleviation of unsatisfactory conditions of children as a class, but rather what the individual parent may learn of the truths of child life and put to practical use, working independently in the home. If there is any one thing that is true and tangible and irrefutable in the consideration of this problem it is that just as the future health of the individual depends mainly upon health in infancy and childhood, so do character, temperament and intellectual power depend mainly upon the impressions received in very early life. It follows, then, that at the last analysis the paramount influence in the culture of the child is the influence of the home.

One-third of all the infants who die are still sacrificed because they are improperly fed, not because inadequate nourishment is provided, but because the ignorance of mothers regarding the care of children makes them incompetent properly to perform the sacred function of motherhood. One-quarter of the inmates of our blind asylums are still victims of preventable blindness resulting from the terrible disease, *ophthalmia neonatorum*, because parents have not had the knowledge which would lead them to insist at the time of the child's birth that the physician or the midwife instil the one drop of a silver solution necessary to prevent infection. Thousands upon thousands of children of every class are still allowed to grow up in ignorance of the fundamental facts of sexual life, and merely because their parents fail to make provision for such instruction, they contract venereal diseases that irreparably wreck not only their own lives but also the innocent lives of others. Through the ignorance and carelessness of parents, children are permitted to go on, month after month and year after year, handicapped by such easily remediable conditions as adenoids and eye-strain—conditions which, if not attended to in early life, invariably result in chronic invalidism, backwardness in school, and in many sad cases have led by progressive steps to the penitentiary. Often, indeed, even in communities that are blessed with adequate school inspection, parents are so indifferent or negligent that they do not provide for the correction of their children's defects after the medical examiner has discovered them. Parents complacently allow their children to be subjected to an outworn educational system that crowds and hurries and worries them, requiring poring over books at the expense of hours that should be spent in sleep and play, and multitudes of schoolchildren are made anæmic and neurotic and dyspeptic, thus providing fertile soil for shattered constitutions in later life..

These are but examples of many similar problems, touching upon the physical welfare of our children, that it would be well for us to

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contemplate seriously. They are problems that must be solved before the child finally comes into his own. No parent has the right to consider his duty done toward his children when he has merely gained the means to afford them a luxurious home in the country and ample outdoor space to play in. Fresh air and sunshine are not to be despised; but they are far from being all the child requires to make him strong or keep him well.

But if, as parents, we are neglectful of so many of our children's physical needs, our neglect of their psychical development is even more conspicuous. Indeed, at the present time, it is safe to say that the majority of parents give almost no attention at all to the rational development of the child's mind.

WHILE even the smallest consideration of the child's intellectual training must be, by its very nature, a study of psychology, it is not necessary on that account that it be so presented as to overawe with pedantry the parent of ordinary interests. One fact of psychology only need be borne in mind to gain a clear conception of the whole problem—a fact readily grasped and easily appreciated through the personal experience of everyone: *the earliest impressions are the ones that are the most firmly fixed in the mind and that are the hardest to eradicate in later life.* Every normal individual carries with him to the grave many impressions that were formed in the earliest years of childhood and which unknown to him have had a definite influence upon many acts of his life.

How firmly these impressions are rooted in the mind may be easily appreciated if, when resting, the mind is allowed to travel backward, day-dreaming as it were, through the range of years to childhood. Surprisingly vivid impressions of various kinds will often be recalled; but among the commonest and most deeply rooted are recollections of the beauty of nature. These impressions may be very indefinite as to time or place or circumstances, but they are invariably linked with delightful experiences of bright sunshine, the splendor of the stars, the odor of flowers, or perhaps the singing of birds or the music of a waterfall.

One need not travel far, or call too strongly upon the imagination to find many examples of the harm that may be done to the child by imparting injurious first impressions. The nearest nursery will furnish abundant material for such a study. An investigation of children's picture books will show, for instance, that no consideration of child psychology has entered into the making of many of them. Often they consist of but crude drawings depicting animals or other objects with no regard for their true relative proportions. As a con-

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crete illustration, the writer is familiar with a book which portrays a tiger that is larger than an elephant on the opposite page. The inevitable result of the child's looking at these pictures every day is that not only does he receive an erroneous first impression, but ever afterward, upon the infrequent occasions when he sees those animals at the circus or the zoo, he is compelled, although he may be wholly unconscious of it, to pause to correct his first impression before the proper perspective can be reached. How much more we might accomplish if we were consistently to utilize reproductions of the many suitable paintings of modern masters in the making of picture books for young children! In this way we could instil at once into the impressionable mind of the child a sense of the right proportions of things (which it is the function of all art to preserve exactly) and we could also induce a familiarity with pictures which would develop the æsthetic sense and would be more and more appreciated and cherished in later life.

More injurious, however, than the wrong sense of proportion conveyed by so many children's picture books are many of the illustrations based upon the type of humor that appeals to the child, the funny situation. Many of these are not only lacking in every æsthetic quality, but they are positively immoral, suggesting disrespect for age, cruelty to animals or ridicule of infirmity. *The now notorious Sunday supplements, pored over by thousands of children every week, are perhaps the greatest offenders in this respect.*

CLOSELY connected with pictorial representation are the stories the child reads or is told. There are probably few nurseries into which, sooner or later, such familiar books as "Mother Goose" and "Æsop's Fables" do not find their way. So familiar have these books become, so intrinsic a part of child life for generations, that it doubtless seems pedantic to make objection to any part of them. But there is a very reasonable objection to some of the tales in these, as well as in other much-loved books, an objection not founded upon the theory that fairy tales in themselves are harmful—for doubtless there is a distinct advantage in allowing the child's imagination to run riot for a time—but based solely upon the inevitably harmful impression that their substance makes upon the mind of the child. "Simple Simon" from "Mother Goose" is a typical example. In "Simple Simon," the child is presented with what should be a truly pathetic figure, illustrated in caricature and ridiculed in verse. The child laughs at the imbecile depicted in the book, and the natural result, the only possible result, is that the unfortunate imbecile he may meet in actual life will be treated with ridicule and indifference instead of pity and consideration. Another example of harm resulting from

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an acquaintance with some of these long-cherished tales is seen in the class represented by "Red Riding Hood," "The Babes in the Wood," or Æsop's "The Two Fellows and the Bear." Such tales are harmful in that they frequently impress upon the sensitive mind of the child gruesome, terrifying pictures that may just as much as bogie stories haunt him with unknown fears long after he has been tucked in his crib. How much better it would be if instead of allowing the child to receive impressions that make him afraid of the woods we were to take pains to impress him with their fresh beauty and the wonders of nature revealed in them!

These perhaps seem little things to consider, but in dealing with children the little things count, for they are what the child's mind seizes upon with the greatest avidity. The deepest impressions that the child receives frequently appear to be making no impression at all at the moment of their reception. Often we are astounded when, after a long lapse of time, a child vividly narrates something that someone has said or done, although at the time of the speech or action the child appeared to take no notice of it.

In the matter of praise and blame, of reward and punishment, we come to the very essence of what is most important in understanding the natures of children. Nothing is of greater moment than just commendation and censure in training a child, for commendation and censure often mean to the child just as much as, if not more than, they mean to the adult. Through rewards the child learns to appreciate the value of a meritorious act and is encouraged to continue to direct his conduct so as to gain it; punishment, if deserved and judiciously administered, will tend to make the child ashamed and thus cause him to be less likely to repeat the offense. Somehow we have fostered an idea that children are born with an intuitive sense of distinction between right and wrong conduct. Nothing could be further from the truth, however, for there is no reason why the unmoral mind of a child should be moved in the direction of good any more than in the direction of evil, and there is sufficient reason to believe that the development of a child's moral sense is exactly what we take the trouble to make it.

IN the rush and bustle of modern life that prevent our properly attending to the training of our children, there is a conspicuous lack of repose and as a result but little retrospection. This is, in many ways, one of the most unfortunate of the many facts of our very strenuous lives. It is unfortunate because on account of it we find but little time to learn the utmost from our experiences, and we pause but seldom to profit by our mistakes. It is true that retrospection is

REFORMING PARENTS

merely a matter of habit, but it is a very valuable one which most of us have altogether outgrown. And this very habit may be of the greatest advantage in developing the character of a child, as well as in providing an exceptional opportunity for the formation of a bond of sympathy between parent and child. In order to learn by experience and profit by mistakes, it is necessary to relive the circumstances from which an experience is derived and for which our mistakes are responsible. This fact may be put to a very practical use in the training of children. If when the child is very young a short period at the close of the day is set aside to review the day's play, to consider the good things and the naughty things the child has done and the praise and the scolding he has received, the habit of retrospection thus formed will be of incalculable benefit throughout life. In addition to this, the coöperation of the parent in the beginning, which is necessary in order that the habit may be acquired at all, is of the greatest value to the parent in properly estimating many important facts connected with the inner life of youth. The child's interests can be estimated, as well as the effect of many of the impressions he receives.

And, indeed, in order that the function of the home may achieve its fullest development in the culture of the child, it is necessary not only that the parent shall coöperate with the child in many ways, but also that he shall project his own personality into the daily life of the child and thus influence the child as far as he is able in the direction of what is true, good and beautiful. Parents should enter directly into the spirit of the child's play as well as of work, endeavoring always to attain the point of view of youth, and remembering ever that to the child play is, as it should be, the most serious business of life. The failure of parents to appreciate what play means, and to realize its true importance, results in the lasting resentment that children too frequently have toward their parents. Since, however, the child develops his finer faculties through play, it is readily seen how important it is that play should be utilized and developed so as to secure the best possible result, from the standpoint of training as well as of pleasure. All we can do, however, is to surround the child with the proper material, so that he may stumble upon it by apparent accident when his own psychological moment has arrived.

Finally, it is only by this delicate coöperation of the parent in the daily life of the child that the best in the natures of both child and parent may be brought forth. Upon it depends the bond of sympathy which results in true companionship of parent and child, rather than the unsympathetic, demoralizing relationship of master and servant. The function of the parent is a responsibility that no institution or government or social state will ever be able fully to assume.



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES SUITED TO NARROW LOTS

THE planning of cottage homes so that they will be economical from every standpoint—that of space, of materials, of arrangement for labor-saving and convenience to the housewife, of heating, and finally decorating and furnishing, making them practical in every way, is what *THE CRAFTSMAN* regards as one of its best achievements, attained only by considering and reconsidering the problem, always with earnest striving after the most beautiful and practical results.

One of the chiefest aims in designing the small house is to arrange and connect its rooms so that the effect of the interior is one of greater space than can actually be indulged, and at the same time preserve the possibilities for privacy which the closer contact enjoined by the limitations of the house makes so necessary between the individual occupants. Then homelikeness must be made the most of, for it is one of the prerogatives of the cottage, and where that atmosphere is created by the structural features themselves, the house becomes a home with fewer accessories and greater simplicity, therefore less expense and more beauty. It has always been the fault of our American small (as well as large) householders to overcrowd, to clutter, thus further diminishing the size of interiors until, in the case of the former, living in the rooms requires almost constant effort to avoid dislocating bric-à-brac or bruising elbows.

The windows, the wall spaces, the fireplace, the size and height of the mantelshelf, the height of the ceiling and the openings or doors into adjoining parts all contribute toward forming a perfect room when well proportioned, or detracting from it if out of harmony with the whole. It is just these simple things that give to a

house, or deprive it of, that which you at once recognize upon first entering as being homelike.

The two Craftsman cottages presented this month both have particular features that recommend them for small families, and one in common that makes them especially attractive from an economical standpoint—that of being adaptable to the narrow lot, but having proportions that in no way detract from the appearance if isolated upon larger grounds.

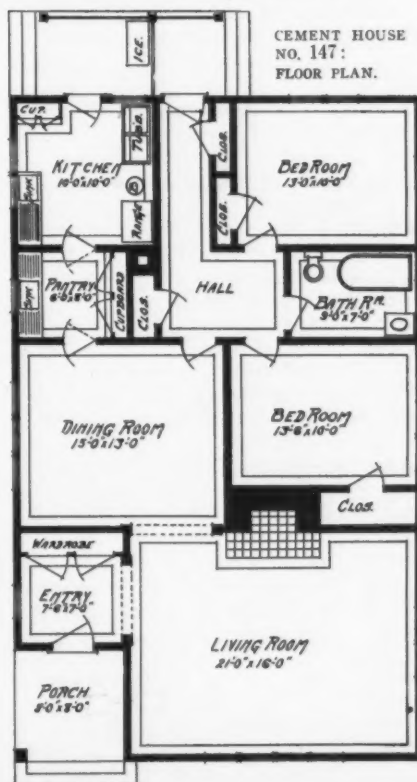
House No. 147 has shingle walls and roof, the gables of the latter permitting the development of the half story in a most satisfactory manner. There are seven rooms, a hall and a bathroom, four large storage closets, an entrance porch and dining porch.

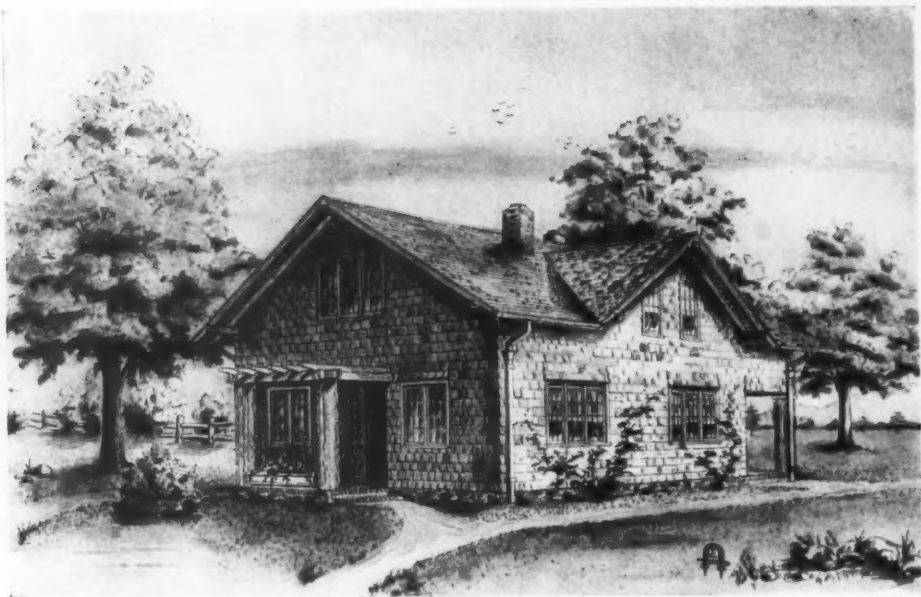
The entrance porch is here shown as a pergola, but should a closed shelter be desired it may easily be ceiled, still retaining the pergola effect. It is slightly recessed, and affords direct entry into the living room, from which two small windows on either side of the door look upon it. The substantial pillars are rough hewn, and rise from a field stone foundation and brick floor, the latter showing a header course of brick around the edges and one low step. The front door has long three-quarter panels, and small glazed ones at the top.

The living room, 25 x 18 feet, with its ample fireplace, cheerful groups of windows on the front and sides, broad landing to stairway, and wide arches into nook and dining room, is more generous than might be expected in a small house, and creates a sense of comfort and ease. This room has four groups of windows besides the small side lights at the entrance, and built facing in any direction will be admirably suited to its purpose as a living room, as it will always be well lighted. The recessed entrance provides a pleasant possibility for window seats on both sides, and a closet

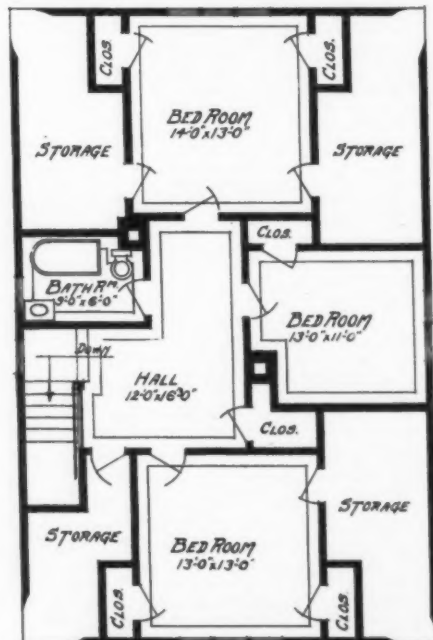
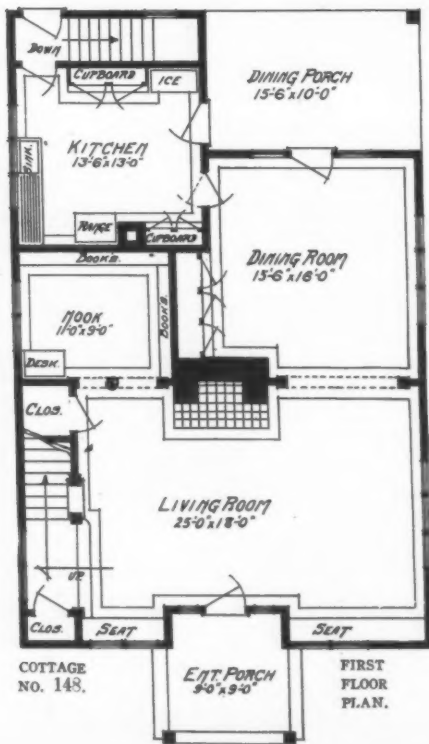


CRAFTSMAN CEMENT COTTAGE NO. 147: THIS VERY SIMPLE CEMENT COTTAGE IS ONE OF THE MOST PRACTICAL AND WELL-ARRANGED SMALL HOUSES THAT WE HAVE EVER DESIGNED, NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF ITS WELL-PLANNED WINDOWS AND PRACTICAL LIVING PORCH, BUT BECAUSE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS OF ALL THE ROOMS IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER, TO THE KITCHEN AND TO THE SERVANT PROBLEM: IT IS A HOUSE IN WHICH A WOMAN COULD WITH VERY LITTLE EXPENDITURE OF ENERGY SO ARRANGE HER DAILY WORK THAT A COMPARATIVELY SMALL AMOUNT OF TIME AND EFFORT WOULD BRING ORDER, COMFORT AND BEAUTY: THE LIVING ROOM IS SO CLOSE TO THE DINING ROOM THAT THEY COULD EASILY HAVE THE EFFECT OF ONE SPACIOUS LIVING PLACE: THE BEDROOMS ARE NEAR THE HALL: THE BATHROOM IS MOST ADMIRABLY PLACED EXACTLY BETWEEN THE TWO BEDROOMS, AND THE KITCHEN WHILE NEAR ENOUGH TO THE DINING ROOM TO SAVE STEPS IS FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THE LIVING ROOMS TO LEAVE THEM FREE FROM THE ENCROACHMENT OF SAVORY ODORS: THE WARDROBE CLOSET BACK OF THE ENTRY IS ANOTHER VERY REAL CONVENIENCE, AND THE KITCHEN PANTRY IS PLACED TO SAVE STEPS: ALTOGETHER WE FEEL THAT WE ARE ANSWERING IN THIS DESIGN A REQUEST THAT HAS COME TO US VERY OFTEN INDEED; NAMELY, TO PLAN A HOUSE THAT WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGES WE USUALLY ASSOCIATE WITH WEALTH AND AT THE SAME TIME WOULD HAVE EVEN THE GREATER ADVANTAGES OF COMPACTNESS AND THE COMFORT WHICH IS ESSENTIAL TO THE MODERN INCOME.





CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE COTTAGE NO. 148



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR NARROW LOTS

opening upon the landing. Another closet is under the stairs; these will be found useful for wraps, umbrellas and the like, or the large one may serve as a place to keep fuel.

The nook is shelved on two sides for books, and has space for a desk near the windows. Being shut off except from the living room, it is well adapted for study or reading.

The dining room has a group of three windows on the side, and one window upon each side of the door opening upon the dining porch in the rear. There is a large cupboard with three doors, which is to be used for china and table linen. A swing door opens into the kitchen. The latter is well lighted and ventilated, and convenient with cupboards, sink, drainboard and ice-box. The cellar is reached by stairs at the back, and from the landing a door affords access from the garden. The dining porch, here left open, may be screened or glazed if preferred, and, according to the exposure, be made to serve as a summer living room or winter sun room.

The upper floor comprises three bedrooms each with one or two closets, a hall and a bathroom, besides the four ample storerooms. The privacy of the bedrooms and their equal convenience to the bathroom, together with their excellent closet facilities, are worthy of special notice.

The entire house is heated by a Craftsman fireplace, which in the living room affords direct radiation as well as warm-air ventilators, and the latter in all other rooms, below and above, being carried in pipes to the upper hall, chambers and bathroom, which have registers in the floor.

THIS one-story cottage, Craftsman house No. 148, will be found convenient and comfortable, and while confined to the limits of a narrow lot, is so planned as to give reasonably large dimensions to the various rooms, which are so situated and related as to preserve the possibilities for increasing the appearance of freedom of space.

It is shown here developed in cement, but other material may also be used with good effect, as the simplicity of the house would lend itself as well to weatherboard or shingles. The exterior of this unpretentious little dwelling is pleasing because of the window grouping and spacing—square panes also seem best for the small house—and of the low, gently sloping roof. The

foundation is of field stone; and, as suggested in our illustration, this note may be carried out in the further use of such stones for outlining a walk or pool in the garden, if the grounds permit. Brick is used for the chimneys, porch floor and steps, an ornamental effect secured for the latter by the use of header courses.

The front door opens into an entry having a small high window on the left, is provided with a wardrobe for wraps, etc., at the back, and an archway into the living room on the right. The latter is a plain rectangular room with a group of four windows in front and two on the side, its generous proportions accommodating the large fireplace to good advantage.

An archway is also used connecting this room with the dining room, which may, of course, be closed by the use of portières, but is desirable for making this part of the house freer and more open. Four windows light the dining room, or if the lot is large three will suffice, as indicated in the floor plan. A swing door opens into the pantry, through which the kitchen is reached; and through the door at the right, access to the hall is had, into which the two bedrooms and the bathroom open.

The chambers are entirely private, and each has a good-sized closet. The corner room has three windows, the middle one two; the warm-air registers from the Craftsman fireplace, by which the house is heated throughout, affording ventilation.

The hall has two closets which will be found convenient, and extends to the rear of the house, where a door opens upon a small porch. This porch also gives entrance into the kitchen and accommodates the ice-box.

The kitchen is provided with cupboard, sink with drainboard, and tubs, with ample space for range and boiler; having three windows and an outer door, it is well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. From it the pantry is entered through a swing door. Cupboards and a sink here provide extra convenience, and separating the kitchen and dining room by the pantry will be found an excellent feature in a small house. In both of these houses a flue is built for the kitchen range.

For the practical, economical and livable house, where every advantage is taken of every opportunity for comfort and beauty, the houses presented this month seem to us to offer practical opportunity.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW-COTTAGE



A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW PLANNED FOR COMFORT: BY LAURA RINKLE JOHNSON

HOME OF MR. AND MRS. W. S. JOHNSON, PASADENA,
CALIFORNIA: LOUIS B. EASTON, ARCHITECT.

WHEN we purchased our little ranch of five acres on the outskirts of Pasadena, we were very decided as to the kind of house we did *not* wish to build for our home. The problem was to find an architect who would undertake the construction of a well-built, comfortable house, perfectly adapted to the grounds, the surroundings, and our tastes. After some investigation the right man was found in the person of Louis B. Easton.

We were especially fortunate in the location of our property, as in addition to three acres of fine orange trees, there were scattered over the place twelve magnificent live-oak trees of large proportions, some of them possibly three hundred years old. Another advantage was an excellent lawn, formerly used for a croquet ground, closed in on the south—toward the highway—and on the west, by a six-foot hedge of Australian pea-vine. The eastern side of the lawn was filled in with loquat and olive trees. The fourth side of the square was chosen for the location of our bungalow.

The plans decided upon were somewhat on the lines of a Mexican ranch house, adapted to meet the ideals of Craftsman

construction, and to conform with the environment. The completed home, a long, low building with an overhanging roof that forms the porch covering, seems just as much a part of the landscape as the oak trees whose branches spread protectingly above the roof.

The materials used in building were Oregon pine and California redwood, the outside being covered with split shakes. These overlap each other eleven inches and the ends were left uneven as cut from the log. There are no "fake" beams or posts in the house, every stick of timber is just what it appears to be, and does just what it seems to be doing.

The porch—fifty feet in length—is an ideal outdoor sitting room. The floor is brick, easily cleaned, and cool on hot days. Four strong pine posts support the porch roof, on the under side of which the construction timbers are exposed. The entrance door of the bungalow we consider most Craftsmanlike. In fact, Mr. Easton was so pleased with it when it was finished that he strongly objected to the "sacrilege" of a screen door that would conceal its beauty! However, we now have a screen door, but one especially built to harmonize with its setting.

The natural reddish hue of the redwood is preserved and intensified by a most in-

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW-COTTAGE

teresting process. Stiff wire brushes are used to scrape the wood, removing all the loose splinters and bringing out the grain of the wood in high relief. After this treatment the wood is either waxed or given a chemical wash, and the result is most unusual and effective.

The metal work on the doors—hinges, latches, etc.—is of iron, copper plated, and was made by a blacksmith near by from designs drawn by Mr. Easton. Throughout the house, the primitive style of latch and handle is used on the doors; the locks consist of a pin of oak, whittled smooth and fastened to the door by a buckskin thong. The pin is thrust above the latch into a fastening on the door casing.

The porch leads into a hall formed by two partitions five and a half feet high, which separate it from the living room, and a wide opening between the partitions forms the entrance into the living room. A group



LIVING ROOM IN THE JOHNSON BUNGALOW, SHOWING INTERESTING INTERIOR FINISH AND FURNISHINGS, ALSO HARMONIOUS FITTINGS.

of four casement windows, with small panes, lights the hall. At the eastern end of the hall is the dining room, and opposite, at the other end of the hall, is a bedroom.

The living room has the real home feeling; its low ceiling and paneled wall spaces, and most of all the spacious fireplace, seem to express our ideal of the spirit of hospitality and simple living. At the right of the entrance is a seat, the back of which is formed by the partition, at right angles to the fireplace. In the fireplace we have tried to express also the spirit of comfort and

good cheer we want our home to typify. It is wide and deep, strongly built of red brick, with clinker brick as the only ornamentation; the mantel shelf is a slab of burl redwood, gnarled and knotted; and the hearth of brick is laid in herring-bone pattern.

The partition at the other side of the entrance to the living room offered opportunity for



DINING ROOM WITH GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW-COTTAGE



DELIGHTFULLY ARRANGED LIVING PORCH.

built-in bookshelves. Opposite the entrance is a group of five casement windows above a broad window seat. The walls here, as in the hall, dining room and sleeping rooms downstairs, are paneled with redwood of strongly marked grain. The space between the wainscoting and ceiling is covered with soft gray monk's cloth; neither plaster nor wallpaper is used in the house.

The ceilings throughout the lower floor carry heavy exposed beams of Oregon pine which convey the impression of great strength. A door leads from the living room into one of the bedrooms on the ground floor. This room is finished much like the living room, and has a door opening into the bathroom, which in turn opens into the bedroom at the end of the hall. Each sleeping room has French windows and a

group of three casement windows, thus insuring an abundance of air and sunlight.

The chief feature of the dining room is the massive built-in buffet, and much charm is also given to the room by the French windows opening to the east, where we have a fine view of the snow-covered peak of "Old Baldy." The buffet stands between two doors, one leading into the kitchen and

the other into the cellar, for, unlike the majority of California bungalows, this one has both a cellar and a furnace.

The kitchen is small, and absolutely no space is wasted. The convenient cupboards, air cooler and work table combine to make the culinary duties less irksome. The kitchen opens onto a large screened porch which is used as a breakfast room.

On the second floor (the stairway leads up from the kitchen) are the guest's room, the maid's room and a large trunk room. The sleeping rooms each contain a lavatory, and in the trunk room a small closet was partitioned off for a toilet. These rooms are finished in the same style as the rooms below, except for the walls, which, instead of being covered with monk's cloth, are paneled the entire height with redwood.

On the lawn, in front of the house, is



COURT BACK OF THE JOHNSON BUNGALOW WHICH FURNISHES OPPORTUNITY FOR SECLUDED OUTDOOR LIVING.

PRACTICAL BULLETINS FOR FARMERS

what we call a birds' pool, built from our own design. It is of brick, circular in form, and filled with clear water it affords an opportunity for our feathered friends to drink and bathe. They take naturally to it, and we spend many pleasant moments watching them. Around the pool are planted large elephant's ears and tall stalks of papyrus, and in the water blooms the water hyacinth.

Around the oak tree at the front of the house we laid a brick pavement, and from the porch we can look under the drooping branches of this oak to the nearby mountains.

The buildings at the rear form three sides of a court—a pergola connecting the screened porch with the garage, a small building conforming to the lines of the bungalow, in which are three rooms—a large one for the car, and two smaller ones—a study for the owner and a playroom for the small boy of the family. Extending from the garage is a small building with screened sides, containing a collection of foreign song birds.

Along the rear of the house are planted red geraniums, and roses will soon cover the pergola. A violet bed occupies a favored spot, begonias of various kinds are growing along the front of the aviary, and a banana tree is flourishing in the little court at the back of the house. On the east side we have rose bushes of many varieties and colors, and in a nook is a fern garden, most attractively set among rocks and half-decayed eucalyptus logs. The western exposure boasts a planting of Shasta daisies and climbing roses, and in this land of sunshine a very short time will suffice to produce luxuriant growth.

The electric fixtures of the house are of copper and are made from a design by Mr. Easton, to harmonize with the decorative lines in the living room panels.

Our bungalow is livable, homelike, well built, inexpensive and beautiful, to our way of thinking—and more than this no one has a right to demand of a dwelling place.

The possibilities for securing ideal gardens seem greater in southern California than elsewhere, especially in the frostless belt that embraces Los Angeles and vicinity. No flowers have to be disturbed by being taken up for the winter as in the Middle West and East, thus plants attain a larger growth in a single year. The surrounding hills have many wild shrubs and flowering bushes which may be borrowed from them without any damage to their

forestry, as some plants, such as the mountain laurels, often need to be thinned out, and these add much native beauty to the home garden, linking it, as it were, with its environment. Then the bungalow is a type of home which seems to come closer to nature than more pretentious buildings, and touches of rusticity are always in harmony with it, and create a feeling of oneness with the land.

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURAL BULLETINS

FOR the benefit of farmers, fruit-growers and dairymen who wish to increase the efficiency of their work the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station has published a number of bulletins and circulars on the following practical topics.

Bulletins: Tables for computing rations for farm and animals; diseases of ginseng; apple orchard survey of Niagara County; certain seed-infesting chalcids; the black rot of the grape and its control; fire blight of pears, apples, quinces, etc.; the effect of fertilizers applied to timothy on the corn crop following it; seven methods of feeding young chickens; the control of insect pests and plant diseases; the cause of "apoplexy" in winter-fed lambs; the snow-white linden moth; lime-sulphur as a summer spray; the apple red bugs; cauliflower and brussels sprouts on Long Island; studies of variation in plants; packing apples in boxes; sweet-pea studies—I; notes from the agricultural survey in Tompkins County; the cell content of milk; an apple orchard survey of Ontario County; the production of "hothouse" lambs; soy beans as a supplementary silage crop; the fruit-tree leaf roller; germination of seed as affected by sulphuric acid treatment; the production of new and improved varieties of timothy; co-operative tests of corn varieties.

Circulars: Testing the germination of seed corn: some essentials in cheese-making; soil drainage and fertility; suggestions concerning treatment of seed corn with deterrents against crows; the relation of lime to soil improvement; the elm leaf-beetle; orange hawkweed or paint brush; helps for the dairy butter-maker; the chemical analysis of soil; (department of animal husbandry) the formation of cow testing associations. These can be obtained by addressing the Mailing Room, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN KENTUCKY



A HOME IN THE KENTUCKY CAPITAL BUILT ON CRAFTSMAN LINES

MR. CHAS. F. STRASSNER, of Frankfort, Kentucky, writes us that it was nearly a decade ago that he saw in *THE CRAFTSMAN* the design of just the house he desired. And though not ready to build at that time, he carefully kept the picture and later had the ideas incorporated in his home, which we illustrate here, in which he feels much satisfaction and some pride; in generous appreciation he allows us a share in these.

While not typically a Craftsman house, it has Craftsman characteristics that easily harmonize with the buildings of a different type around it, as shown in the illustration. Mr. Strassner is to be congratulated upon securing a site so admirably suited to accommodating his residence to advantage, both for itself and the neighboring houses. It is one of those homes which seems to have grown under the protecting trees that shelter it; to have materialized because of their friendliness and of the sense of permanence they offer. So it should be. The stone foundation, walls and chimney here further express that which will endure, security, an

HOME OF MR. CHAS. F. STRASSNER, FRANKFORT, KY.:
L. L. OBERWARTH, ARCHITECT.

abiding place; while the lighter shingled superstructure, having many windows and a roof with dormers, relieves it of any somberness, and gives to the whole a thoroughly homelike appearance. The low front veranda, with its wide steps and substantial pillars, at once welcomes you, extending the hospitality you feel sure of finding under this roof. Being partially shielded by the stonework, and further screened by luxuriant ferns, this broad porch is a most inviting place in summer.

Simplicity has been considered in the interior in woodwork and wall treatment. The color schemes chosen produce such cheerful and desirable effects as to influence one's sense of harmony. The woodwork of the first floor is oak, stained a dark brown; its beauty of grain and finish, the proportions and simplicity of the door panels and trim, newel post and stairway, lend dignity to the interior. The floors are quarter-sawed white oak and the walls are finished in rough plaster.

The upper and lower halls have buff-tinted walls, reflecting the light, and a stained-glass window on the landing shows soft brown, green and yellow tones. The living room is done in gray-green, a restful

MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN KENTUCKY

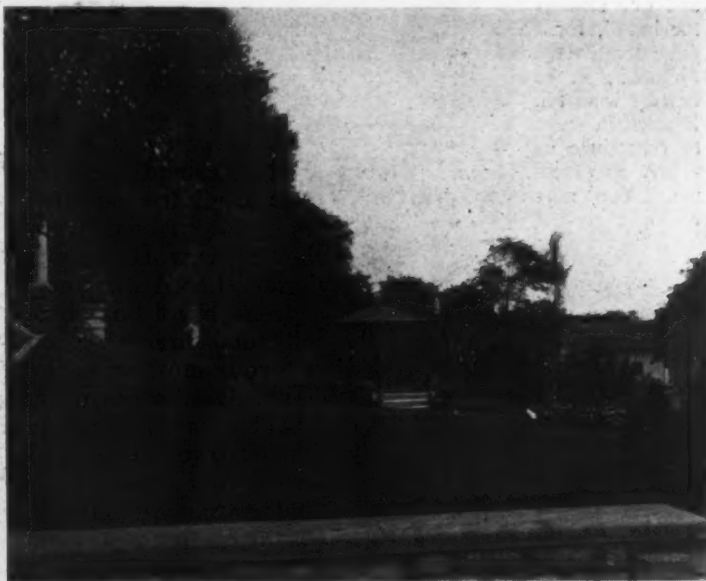


A SIDE VIEW OF MR. STRASSNER'S HOME, SHOWING INTERESTING WALL, IN HARMONY WITH STONE FOUNDATION, AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION IN GARDEN-MAKING.

tone, brightened a bit by a frieze of greenish yellow; the ceiling panels carry a lighter shade of the same color, thus preventing too shadowy an effect from the beams. A livelier color, terra cotta, is used on the upper wall spaces in the dining room, which shows a frieze in Old English design, and leather panels below the plate rail. The tiled chimney-piece is delightfully simple; its mantelshelf continues the line of the plate rail, and has not been crowded with bric-à-brac. This fireplace is the predominating feature of the room, and bespeaks the genuineness which should pervade the atmosphere of the place worthy to be called "home."

Craftsman furniture is used in the living room, Mr. Strassner's desire for a Craftsman home first having been inspired by his acquaintance with the Craftsman make of chairs, their sub-

stantial build and simple lines appealing to his sense of fitness. He says in his letter to us: "I have always said that I built this house from your make of a chair



THE WELL ARRANGED GARDEN SLOPING FROM PORCH OF THE STRASSNER HOME.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN KENTUCKY



DINING ROOM IN THE STRASSNER HOME.

sold by Fred. W. Keisker & Son, Louisville, Ky., eight years ago. I am enclosing an illustrated page out of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, so that you can see what effect it had on our home, both as to floor plans and one side of the house, for I gave this to the architect, L. L. Oberwarth, Frankfort, Ky., to reproduce as nearly as possible. You may recall that I asked your opinion as to color for roof, etc. Your suggestions were followed in detail. You can readily understand what *THE CRAFTSMAN* Magazine means to me, and I wish to say that my tastes are very much along your lines. The high regard I

have for you, your furniture and ideas of what a home should be, is my reason for sending you these photographs, some of which you may wish to illustrate in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, as it was through its influence that our house was built and furnished."

The curtains throughout have been kept simple, falling to the sills in straight folds; the floor coverings are rugs in Oriental pat-

terns and colors, and these harmonize well with the Craftsman furnishings. Taste for honest workmanship and appropriateness in design and ornament is demonstrated in the choice of Craftsman portières and table scarf.



SPACIOUS HALLWAY, SIMPLE, DIGNIFIED, AND HARMONIOUS IN TONE.

FIRE PROTECTION FOR THE HOME

The porch in the rear is well protected and forms a most admirable feature of the house, offering an excellent outdoor sleeping apartment. The fact that the beautiful garden is in view of this porch shows that the home-builder had in mind all the possibilities of this charming balcony.

The kitchen and pantry walls have been treated in a most practical way—painted; so they are both economical and cleanly. The pantry is provided with large cupboards and a sink. These rooms are well lighted and ventilated. A spacious attic and commodious basement afford ample storerooms and other conveniences.

The manner in which the grounds of this dignified home have been treated is admirable. The lawn is kept unobstructed, with plants and shrubbery growing close against the foundation of the house, relieving the severity of the stone, and making the house and garden seem more closely related, as does also the vine-clad chimney. The beauty of the broad, smooth terrace is greatly enhanced by its background of stately elms, against which is set the rustic summer house, surrounded with a profusion of tall grasses and bushes. The garden wall, of the same stone as that used in the house, seems to establish that complete unity in effect which is so desirable, the relative proportions of the house and gardens forming a well-balanced whole.

Mr. Strassner finds his home very satisfying, and its particular plan in accord with his own ideals.

FIRE PROTECTION FOR THE HOME: BY AGNES ATHOL AND AGNES BLACKWELL RAINEY

WE have a popular and fallacious faith in the efficacy of the word "fireproof." A furnace is fireproof in the same sense exactly that a building is. Furniture, wood trim, draperies and people are not fireproof. What we really mean when we talk about a fireproof building is one which, because of its construction, material, appliances, will retard fire so that it may be more easily controlled, so that the occupants have a chance of escape, and the damage may be confined to one floor or room.

Each individual naturally feels that he may give play to his own taste and ideas of comfort in his home without interference

or direction by the community at large. But there are certain common faults in the construction of the ordinary house. Without realizing the danger, and even while complying literally with all that the law requires, a man may design a house that is a veritable fire-trap; when fire breaks out, all his thought, labor and money have been thrown away for lack of certain slight and simple precautions in the fundamental plan.

The wife, the housekeeper, is so often made the final judge in the matter of arrangement that it becomes particularly necessary to appeal to her common sense above her love of the æsthetic and artistic, to induce her to demand what is best for the family. Furthermore, the woman in the home is in charge of its maintenance, and upon her watchfulness and care rests the responsibility for any disaster by fire.

Next to the faults brought about by too great initial economies in the building, such as poor material and insufficient metal protection in important places, the great mistakes are usually due to the effort to get a favorite effect, regardless of the risks involved in so doing. No one can for an instant deny that a broad, open, sweeping stairway, with imposing newel post and mahogany banisters in full view of the entrance hall is to be preferred from the artistic point of view to a little, straight, boxed stairwell. It is fortunate, however, that in the moderate-priced home where economy must be practiced in materials and safeguards, with attendant hazard, there is seldom room for this effect; for, according to the fire prevention engineer, to build one is the greatest possible mistake.

The first requisite in a safe house is that each floor may be cut off from all the other floors by a *door*, so that should a fire start it cannot sweep through the house before the firemen arrive. Consequently the stairway that can be *closed in* is as important to the house as the self-closing doors on an elevator shaft.

Every hollow shaft, such as a dumb-waiter shaft or laundry chute out of the kitchen, is a direct passageway for fire once generated in the region of greatest heat. Whoever feels that she must have these contrivances—it will be readily admitted that they are a convenience—should see that they are properly cut off at top and bottom by self-closing metal doors. If the kitchen range is provided with an ash chute, it should not only be metal lined and empty

FIRE PROTECTION FOR THE HOME

under cover into the receiving barrel in the basement, but it should have a secure trap opening, lest fire starting in the cellar be forced by the updraft directly into the main part of the house.

A volume could be written on the evils of hollow or stud partitions in the interior walls of a house. A fire, starting on one floor behind the plaster, eats its way, insidiously feeding on dry lath and exposed floor beams, to every other part of the house. Such a fire may smolder for hours without giving evidence of itself, and suddenly burst out all over the house at once, scarcely permitting the occupants to escape, and leaving nothing for even the best equipped fire department to do.

Any novice, ignorant of the technical side of house construction, ought to be able to give certain definite fire prevention directions when his own house is being erected. It must be insisted upon that at each floor the hollow space behind the plastering shall be absolutely cut off from the floor below; that the space behind each room be walled off from the next one. Again, while it is almost impossible to determine such points after the house is completed, everyone who builds should make sure that the floor beams do not enter the brickwork of the chimney. No reputable builder would support them in that way, but unfortunately all construction is not honest, and it is cheaper to fit the ends of the beams into the brickwork than to furnish proper iron supports for them. Another part of chimney construction which is impossible to alter when once done wrong is the *thickness* of the chimney walls. Four-inch flues are exceedingly dangerous, as they may cause the adjoining woodwork to become overheated. In bad weather the brick is apt to crack, endangering the house. A chimney upon which this sort of economy has been practiced is unsatisfactory at any time because the draft is bad.

A smoky fireplace may be due to faulty flue construction, failure to give it a metal lining, or frequently because the fireplace itself is too high. There are definite specifications concerning the brickwork around a fireplace, and it would be well for anyone intending to build to inform himself about them, not only for safety against fire, but for ordinary comfort in his home. Wooden mantels are as unsafe as they are often ugly.

Under no circumstances should there be

any wooden furring or lathing on a chimney-breast. Metal lath should be used. No joist or stud should be nearer the inside of a smoke flue than eight inches. It is a good plan to arrange the positions of joists or upright wall beams with reference to their use after the plaster goes on, as it is often difficult to find a place to put a nail for a heavy mirror or picture, and the minute you allow the plaster to become broken for this purpose, as it undoubtedly will be, you make an opening where fire can enter.

The disposition of rubbish by the housekeeper is always a problem which greatly concerns fire prevention. When a family is actually building a house, it should be possible to make far better provision for this task than is usually the case. One good way of concealing the garbage pail and at the same time segregating it, is to have made, when the cement walks are laid, a cement lined pit into which it fits, and provided, of course, with a tight cover. In many homes the furnace receives all food refuse that cannot be poured down the drainage; this is a desirable method of handling it. A wire trash burner is an excellent device for the ordinary accumulation of papers and dry rubbish every day. It is a cylindrical stand made of wire, on four wire legs, into which such waste is thrust. It can be placed anywhere in the backyard and its contents burned without scattering.

It is the custom of some builders to make a ventilated closet under a kitchen window for the garbage pail, but it is far better not to have this unpleasant utensil in the house at all. Such a place might, however, be provided for the covered metal pail in which all oily rags and cleaning cloths should be kept. The danger of fire by spontaneous combustion of oily cloths and mops cannot be too greatly emphasized.

The storeroom problem is to be considered by every builder. Fire prevention experts plead for the elimination of home storage of every description, and warn the housekeeper particularly against the attic and cellar. If space can be spared and storage must be managed, a ventilated and cement lined room on the ground floor is the best solution of the difficulty.

The obvious danger of fire starting in the cellar is not alone due to the location of the furnace there, and often the hot and unprotected laundry stove, but also because all the piping and wiring for gas, electricity and bells pass more or less exposed through

FIRE PROTECTION FOR THE HOME

the cellar flooring. The cellar is dark and defects, piles of rubbish, rats and mice nests, and other accumulations pass unnoticed. The ignorant helpers—furnace men, gardeners and perhaps the maid of all work—make hurried trips to the basement, but they are seldom supervised or made to take precautions about matches, smoking, oily rags, ashes and cinders.

Every cellar that has not a metal-lined ceiling is a fire menace to the rest of the house. Automatic sprinklers, installed in the basement ceiling when other piping is done, will prove most valuable in checking a fire which may start from one of many causes in the cellar.

Throughout the house chemical extinguishers, thermostats and pails of water should be installed in advantageous positions, ready for the emergency that may occur. The usual failure to provide them can be explained on aesthetic grounds—a conspicuous red extinguisher or ten-quart pail undoubtedly detracts from the carefully studied effect of beautiful woodwork and harmoniously balanced spaces and color schemes.

Shelves or brackets for holding such invaluable apparatus, if planned when the house is building, can be incorporated with the general design so as not to destroy the appearance of the hallways. An angle on a landing may be utilized, or the necessary shelves built into a closet with a lockless door, at a strategic point on the upper landing. Such conveniences and arrangements are infinite in number, and depend largely upon the character of the dwelling and the wise enthusiasm of its occupants.

For draperies, awnings and other inflammable trimmings already in a house, there are some excellent fireproofing solutions which minimize the probability of fire by chance sparks. Commercial sodium tungstate and ammonium sulphate in combination produce the ideal mixture for fireproofing nearly all textiles employed in household decoration. Whitewash is invaluable as a fire-retarding agent, and is an old recognized aid to cleanliness in basement and attic.

In the important matter of actual fireproof building materials, brick, in the estimation of fire prevention authorities, stands first. In the making, brick is vitrified, whereas concrete, when heated and then wet, undergoes a chemical change which causes it to crumble. Wood, which was

once the cheapest available building material, has become so expensive and its upkeep for painting, reshingling and weather wear so great, that it is almost as cheap to build a "fireproof" house in the first place. While, as has been pointed out, the contents of a building are inflammable, there is less likelihood of mysterious fires and those from outside sources starting up when the exterior of a house is as incombustible as possible. Those entirely of stone are good, and concrete has many points to recommend it.

In a rented house one puts up with conditions as they are found. But as long as there are very definite laws regarding what may and may not pass the fire department's requirements, anyone finding a violation of them in a rented house should not hesitate to force the landlord to rectify the matter. If the furnace comes within eighteen inches of the cellar ceiling it *must* be protected from overheating the next floor by sheets of metal on the overhead floor beams. If this is not done, your insurance policy, as well as that of the owner, is rightly invalidated. If the electric wiring is improperly installed, you can and should make your landlord have it fixed and passed upon.

The matter of fire safety is not an individual but a common problem; in it is involved not alone the prevention of material loss, but the far greater effort to make lives secure. The total fire cost in this country is five times as much *per capita* as in any country in Europe. The *per capita* losses of the six leading European countries in 1910 amounted to thirty-three cents, or about one-eighth of the *per capita* loss sustained in the United States.

The fire departments of other nations compare unfavorably with ours, and the United States has not been negligent in the matter of appropriation for sufficient water supplies. One cause for the astounding difference in loss is a climatic one; not only do our hot summers make everything as dry as tinder, but our cold winters necessitate artificial heat, and heating apparatus alone is responsible for a large number of fires. A still more fundamental difference lies, however, in the temperament of the American people and the conditions of life in this country. In our eagerness to get results in a new country we have not had the patience to build carefully. So plentiful was lumber that it was easier to build and burn and build again than to build sub-

EDUCATION FROM COUNTRY FAIRS

stantially at first. Besides that, conditions have changed so rapidly that often buildings must be torn down in a few years, that their places may be taken by others more suited to changed conditions. Then, explain it as you will, the intensity of life is far greater in this country than in Europe, more living is crowded into the same space of time. You cannot accelerate processes without increasing hazard, whether it be in respect to a race or a machine. We have no time even to make sure that matches are out. The fire loss is only one indication of our wastefulness. We have wasted our forests, our soil, our mines, our water.

We are coming, however, to a time when we must stop this prodigality. The drain upon our resources is beginning to be manifest in the increased cost of living. In the case of fire loss, the matter can largely be controlled by intelligent prevention. If civic consciousness means anything at all, it means a united effort for the general good, and a united recognition of the common preventable loss. It means attention to safe building, to individual safeguarding and removal of fire-breeding materials, acquiescence in a strict municipal surveillance for protection and prevention.

It means that the stamping out of fire should be undertaken as enthusiastically, earnestly and continuously as the stamping out of disease. Fire, like disease, has its origin in many sources, but records show that these causes are often preventable and well known, and that they are chiefly the result of wilful heedlessness. In many States the importance of the subject of fire prevention has been recognized by having a Fire Prevention Day observed. In those States even the school children are taught respect for the danger of fire, and at the same time an inner civic sense of duty toward their fellows. On the day of annual celebration, every means is taken to keep the subject alive and interesting, to get work done that will benefit everybody, and to stir up public indignation against carelessness and indifference.

Provision for fire protection can never receive too much attention. In addition to securing the most efficient fire departments, citizens of every town and city and also country dwellers, should give personal attention to safety for themselves and the community by building and maintaining their houses in such manner as to prevent fire; this is bet-

ter than being sure of expert services when the alarm must be given. It would seem to be a good plan to organize neighborhood clubs at which fire prevention could be discussed and possibly careless householders made to think of the many risks they take in allowing certain dangerous conditions as regards fire to obtain in their homes. But a moment's consideration of our gigantic loss by fire should certainly serve to awaken new interest in the saving of this awful waste, not alone of wealth, but of human life.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN COUNTRY FAIRS

IN the promotion of town and county fairs, and to insure their being of a sort that will give practical educational demonstrations and be an incentive to local interest and effort, the Extension Department of the College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., has offered to cooperate with as many of these fairs as is practicable. Educational exhibits with one or two specialists in charge will be sent to societies wanting them, and these instructors will explain the exhibits and discuss with visitors any questions that may arise. Each exhibit will require 10 to 14 feet frontage, with room for counters and wall space for exhibit material.

Some of the available exhibits are: dairy, relating to the care and handling of milk, dairy utensils, butter and cheese making, and milk testing; animal husbandry, including feeds, feeding for milk production, importance of breeding, and related matters; poultry, treating of feeds, feeding for egg production, poultry-house appliances, and egg testing and grading; plant pathology, taking up diseases injurious to fruits and farm crops, with methods of control; entomology, dealing with the economical insect pests of fruit and farm crops, and methods of combating them; soils, including drainage, lime, conservation of manure, crop rotations and soil management; forestry, comprised of photographs, wood specimens, samples of trees for planting, and methods of managing the farm woodlot; plant-breeding, showing charts, specimens of improved strains of seeds, and plans of improving farm crops; agricultural chemistry, dealing with commercial fertilizers and fertility questions; farm crops, showing specimens of types of cereals and other crops, and charts of production.

JAPANESE EFFECTS IN LITTLE GARDENS



HOW THE JAPANESE CAN HELP YOU MAKE A LITTLE GARDEN

THE amateur gardener in America, that is to say, the average homemaker who undertakes the beautifying of his grounds, be they large or small, has seldom gone beyond the desire to produce a trim lawn, with possibly some shrubbery and a few conventional flowerbeds, together with shade trees, *in front*; while the backyard has been allowed to become proverbial for its unattractive features, and even uncleanness. But with the development of a more harmonious architecture, comes a more thoughtful attitude toward surroundings and their possibilities for beauty that will serve a purpose; an effect, not for the eye alone, but for the mind; for people are beginning to realize more fully the restfulness to be found in a secluded, quiet spot in a garden, to appreciate more highly the contact with nature to be had even in a very small space where it has been given the chance to be beautiful.

Perhaps the most glaring fault to be found with American gardens in general is their lack of privacy, their arrangement

JAPANESE BRIDGE AND LANTERN IN AMERICAN GARDEN, ALSO INTERESTING SUGGESTION FOR A PORCH.

usually being such as to expose the entire grounds to full view, which renders retirement and that sense of being protected from intrusion quite impossible. In few American cities do we still find that delightfully interesting obstruction, the old garden wall, with vines clambering up its sides, and perhaps the bloom-laden boughs of a crape-myrtle straying over it, with glimpses of pomegranates showing above. Such, indeed, are yet to be seen in old quarters of New Orleans, that city of almost Oriental charm; the same gardens that were long ago the trysting place of Creole lovers, and later the inspiration of romance writers; but they, too, are disappearing. However, the wall, and even fences, may be dispensed with and the garden left to depend upon its own arrangement for privacy without the utter sacrifice of seclusion so often experienced.

The monotony of a perfectly smooth lawn is not satisfying, and to vary it with something that responds to our seeking after form, life, movement, without introducing any disturbing influence, we best may go direct to nature; borrow the beauty of the hills, rocks in their natural state, growing things that hug the ground but

JAPANESE EFFECTS IN LITTLE GARDENS



PICTURESQUE JAPANESE ROCK ARRANGEMENT, WITH LANTERNS IN HARMONY.

cover the bareness not too regularly, some of the wild flowers that need only the care of the rain and sunshine. All this may exist on one small mound, limited, if necessary, to but a few feet of earth, but kept elemental.

For transforming a small and unattractive spot into a charming little garden full of mystery and hidden nooks, or converting a flat, open space into a fascinating landscape with knolls and rocks and rills and all their attendant beauty, the Japanese are unexcelled. They are gardeners *par excellence*, for with them, no bush or tree or even blade of grass, no step or stone, or bit of anything is put in a garden without due consideration of its relation to the whole; but the result is not set or studied, more often giving the appearance of their own wild and rugged landscapes.

There seem to be picturesque and decorative features of Japanese gardens, as well as something of their general layout whereby little sheltered places of retreat are contrived, from which any amateur gardener may get excellent suggestions, and adapt them to his needs, without slavishly copying and attempting to produce a thing Japanese.

The arched bridge and garden lantern of wood or stone, for instance, when well

placed, give accent and just the needed contrast with growing things that lends greater interest to them. It is not necessary to have a natural stream in order to use such a bridge for effect; a narrow, irregular pool may easily be made, lined with cement and edged with field stones; and in this water lilies, lotus or iris may be planted. The Japanese stone lanterns may be found in the larger cities, and almost anyone can make a wooden one such as illustrated.

Stepping stones in twos and threes, zig-zaged along a winding path or through the tiny lake or stream, are not without a pleasing effect, and where there is a little rise in the ground, steps of earth held in shape by rustic logs may be made to advantage. A rustic gateway, with maybe a thatched roof and seats beneath its shelter, set across the path in a good sized garden where low bushes, ground-pine and underbrush come close around its sides, giving it an excuse for being in seeming to create a way of entrance, will further enhance their value in picturesque effect and always offer you a welcome.

A little tea house is a most delightful feature of a perfectly planned

JAPANESE EFFECTS IN LITTLE GARDENS



JAPANESE MAPLE AND DECORATIVE PINE ARE SHOWN IN THIS GARDEN, WITH WOODEN LANTERN.

garden, serving, too, for rest, and for *meditation*, a thing which we need to hark back to, having lost much poise in too constant and close contact with each other and the distracting influences of the mad rush of our cities, ignoring nature. Such a house should be simple, just a harmonious outline, with the beauty of the outdoors showing from all sides. The Japanese place this upon some knoll, or where it commands the best view, but at the same time set it so among screening boughs as to give seclusion.

The riotous color in our gardens, often without concern for the juxtaposition of warring colors, shows that we have not learned to surround ourselves with influences conducive to repose and restfulness. The low toned, quiet, even somber shades of the forest, greens, grays and soft browns, relieved here and there with the brightness of fresh growth or some more brilliant foliage, would add immeasurably to the beauty and purpose of a garden, and with the addition of such objects as suggested, connecting it more intimately with people, it becomes more adequate to the demands of body, soul and senses.

There are numerous native small trees, shrubs and plants suitable for developing a garden along these lines, that will carry into it the spirit and fragrance of the typical American woodland. When desirably ar-

ranged according to the height they will attain with their permanent growth, and the particular purpose which each is to serve, whether for its screening boughs, or ornamental effect of form and color, they will contribute all the charm here pictured and described.

Scrub-oaks, dogwoods and junipers would be well placed in a rocky setting out upon any little eminence; cedars and spruce of the smaller varieties may easily be kept within the limits for the ordinary garden, and if there is a stream or artificial pool, pussy-willows and rushes are the natural addition along the banks.

In shady nooks myrtle will thrive, and ivy and the ground-pine are more pleasing than grass in many places, lending color and softening bare severity without seeming the least formal. Rhododendrons are among the most attractive of our flowering shrubs, and would be enjoyed if planted about the tea house or occasional gateway, with camellias and hydrangeas, for taking turns in flowering season. Azaleas, bayberry and hawthorn are admirable for hedges or bushy clumps; while the wild-rose and woodbine trailing over a dead or fallen tree left for the purpose, or trained over a trellised arch, if not trimmed too closely, will give the charm of careless profusion.

A SCHOOLTEACHER'S FARM

A SCHOOLTEACHER'S FARM IN NEW JERSEY: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

IN May, 1909, when Robert Wilmer, a teacher in the public schools, took his wife and four small children to live on a newly purchased farm, he realized a dream he had cherished for twelve years. A teacher for fifteen years, at present holding a position of the first rank in the schools of his home town, a place of 35,000 inhabitants, Mr. Wilmer has always been deeply interested in his work, even though he has been aware of the fact that his profession is not a money-making occupation. Naturally he desired to lay the foundation for future independence, to prepare for the time when he would become weary of routine work in the schoolroom. What better thing could he do than buy a farm which he might make a self-supporting home that would eventually develop into a profitable business?

In spite of having spent all his life in cities and towns, a love of the country was an inheritance, for his parents had been farmers originally, and Mr. Wilmer says he cannot remember a time when he did not look forward to the day he "might go to the country and really live." As the passing years brought him a wife and growing family, this inclination was gradually strengthened until it became a fixed purpose.

Six years ago the definite search for a farm was begun. As there was no need for haste, Mr. Wilmer took his time about it while he saved money to pay for the farm when he should find it. Being totally ignorant of rural life, he prepared himself for it by reading and study during odd moments in winter and by observation during the summer.

Vacations spent in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania gave him a practical knowledge of farm conditions in those States. He found objections, however, to each of them. He then looked up farm property in his native State, New Jersey, to find, curiously enough, that his farm had been waiting for him all this time, just four miles from the school where he has taught for many years.

It is within the fifty mile radius of New York City, midway between a railway station and the trolley line, the convenience of

rapid transit facilities enabling Mr. Wilmer to take up his residence in the country several years sooner than he anticipated or otherwise would have been able to do. Consequently, he still follows his profession of teaching while he develops his farm, directing his hired man during the school term, working with him in the fields during vacations and on Saturdays.

The farm consists of sixty-six acres, has a seven-room house much better than the average country dwelling, barns and the usual farm buildings, and cost \$4,500. It is situated on both sides of a fine turnpike, a small brook runs through it, six acres alongside the latter being fine truck land, the balance sandy loam.

Mr. Wilmer found the land impoverished through faulty methods followed by the former owner, and covered with enough bushes, briars and weeds to make cleaning a tedious job which occupied most of the time during the first summer, 1909.

The only crops for that season were a little corn put in on shares with another farmer, and six tons of hay from nearly exhausted fields. A cow, horse and a vegetable garden were practically the only improvements made the first year, but much has been accomplished since then. In two and a half years the steady work of a hired man, supplemented by help from Mr. Wilmer during every moment he could spend in his beloved fields, has made a wonderful change in the place. The land has been systematically fed with animal and commercial fertilizer until it has become more productive, and yields better and larger crops each season. Intelligent purpose is bringing order where confusion reigned before. Mr. Wilmer is making an attractive home out of what was formerly a badly run down place. Two more horses, another cow, pigs and fifty chickens have been added to the stock, besides two home-bred calves that are now being raised.

At the time of purchase, the place had no fruit to speak of, so during the spring of 1910 Mr. Wilmer set out two hundred peach trees, twenty-four pear trees, and one hundred and seventy-five apple trees. Currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries and fifty more peach trees were added in the spring of 1912, and an asparagus bed of 100 plants made, by way of experiment.

The crops for the summer of 1911 consisted of 525 bushels of corn, 125 bushels

BIRDS THAT HELP THE FARMERS

of rye, 60 bushels of oats, 30 bushels of wheat, 7 tons of hay, 2 barrels of apples from a few old trees, and a barrel of pears from one old tree. The garden gave an abundance of vegetables; there were chickens, eggs and five pigs. Nothing was sold but two pigs; everything else was used at home. If all the pigs and the heavy crops had been sold, they would have brought in \$893.50, a very nice sum to be earned by a perfectly green hand, even though enthusiastic, on land that had been starved out for many years.

The first years of any business venture are always the hardest, because it is the time when the greatest outlay is required. Mr. Wilmer does not yet attempt to make his farm self-supporting, but is wisely putting all he can into it in the way of stock, fertilizer and machinery, on the principle that it takes money to make money. Nevertheless, he does raise enough vegetables, eggs, chickens, hams and bacon to supply a family of seven, winter and summer, and he makes his stock earn its keep, for only a little bran is bought, all other feed being produced on the farm.

For some years to come Mr. Wilmer intends to go in for general farming, certainly until the soil is greatly enriched and the land in a first-class state of cultivation. By that time he will know what to specialize upon, and he thinks now that it will be truck, for his six acres of truck land can be made to produce enough to carry all the balance. That will not be attempted until Mr. Wilmer is ready to devote his whole time to the farm.

In answer to the question, "What do you get out of it?" Mr. Wilmer said, "Plenty of hard work, for one thing."

"Then you regret giving up city life for the country?"

"No indeed," was the emphatic reply; "my wife and I are more than glad we made the change, especially when we did, for now our children can grow up strong in body because they eat fresh, wholesome food; they have a chance to develop normally because they are free from the overstimulation of the city; they can learn to know and love the beautiful, simple things of life because they are not bound by the artificial standards current in the average city or town. Then, my wife loves the country too, and we have room enough here to turn around in, fresh air to breathe, time enough to think, and brains rested

enough to think with. As for me, well, I just love the country more and more every day, and the work I do out in the open air is making me so strong and hearty that I believe I shall be here to enjoy life for many years more than I could have expected if I had remained in town."

THE VALUE OF BIRDS ON THE FARM

THE nesting boxes we see put up by farmers to encourage the friendliness of such birds as prove their aids, are far outnumbered by the familiar old scarecrow on every farm in every land, and various other devices, flut-



THE BABY ROBIN IS A VERY SMALL FIRST AID TO THE FARMER: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

tering strips of paper or cloth tied to stakes set up in the fields, to frighten away the little feathered crop-destroyers. This would seem to indicate that all do not realize the service rendered by many of our common birds, an acquaintance which they



YOUNG HOUSE WREN, WAITING FOR AN INSECT BREAKFAST: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

BIRDS THAT HELP THE FARMERS



SOME BABY WOOD THRUSHES CONTENTED AND WELL-FED: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

would do well to cultivate if merely for the knowledge of them as an economic factor in farming.

An article on the subject by G. L. Libby, in *Town and Country Journal*, appeals to us as being so worth while that we quote in full:

"The value of birds on the farm lies in

the service which they render in the destruction of weed seeds, rodents and insects.

"Someone has said that 'a weed is a plant out of place,' and if this be true, some plants seem to have a well-established habit of getting out of their proper sphere and into cultivated land. As a single plant of certain garden weeds may produce as many as 100,000 seeds in a season, if unchecked these would soon become a decided menace to crops.

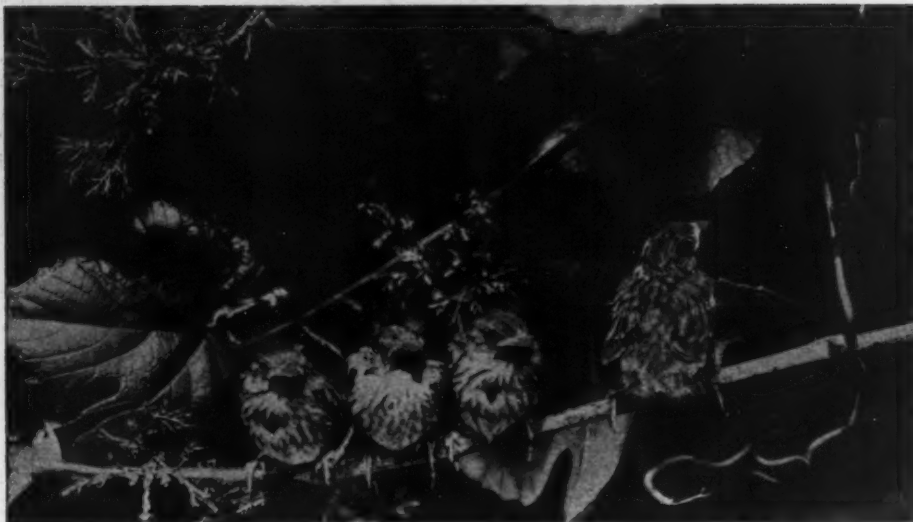
"While the hoe and cultivator may help to keep down the weeds on the farm, they still continue to increase in waste land and along roadsides, and from there eventually spread to the cultivated lands. It is in just such places that birds are often most abundant, and so they play an important part in checking this increase. In fact, the seed-eating birds are among the most effective agents in the warfare against weeds, for they attack these pests in the critical seed period, and thus help to prevent their further spread. While a few seeds are simply scattered by birds, in nearly all cases they are destroyed. Dr. Judd, of the Biological Survey, says: 'No less than fifty different birds act as weed destroyers, and the noxious plants which they help to eradicate number more than three score species.'

"Among the weeds commonly destroyed by birds are tarweed, turkey mullein, alfalfa, pigweed, knotweed, thistle and chick-



A LITTLE ROBIN CALLING FOR A MEAL OF EVIL INSECTS: COPYRIGHT BY F. R. HINKINS & SON: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

BIRDS THAT HELP THE FARMERS



A FAMILY OF YOUNG CHIPPING SPARROWS READY TO BE FED WITH WEED SEEDS: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

weed. Great numbers of seeds are often consumed by birds even in a single meal. The stomach of one sparrow contained 1,000 seeds of pigweed, while two other birds had taken 300 and 700 seeds of various kinds. Professor Beal, of the United States Department of Agriculture has estimated that the tree sparrows of Iowa will destroy during the year 875 tons of weed seeds.

"Among the seed destroyers our native sparrows are unrivaled, weed seeds forming more than half of their food for the year. The value of sparrows to the farmer is increased by the fact that during the summer, and especially in the nesting season, they also eat many injurious insects. The young birds are fed almost entirely on insect food, including such pests as caterpillars, weevils, grasshoppers, cut worms and ants.

"The one member of the sparrow family which seems to be alike despised by both birds and man is the imported English sparrow. While a few insects and weed seeds are eaten by these birds, the little good thus done can-

not compare with the harm which they do, especially in driving out the useful insect- and seed-eating birds. The English sparrows also destroy fruit and grain, and are a decided pest wherever they are found. The distinguishing mark of the male English sparrow is the large black patch on the throat and breast.

"Among the other birds which hold a high place as weed destroyers are the goldfinches, or 'wild canaries,' as they are commonly called. They often destroy certain weeds not usually taken by other birds, be-



A CHIPPING SPARROW FEEDING HER BABIES WITH DESTRUCTIVE CUTWORMS: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

BIRDS THAT HELP THE FARMERS



ing especially fond of thistle seeds. For this reason they are sometimes given the name 'thistle birds.'

"One of the game birds, the mourning dove, is especially worthy of mention as a useful seed-eating bird. While the dove sometimes takes grain, most of this seems to be waste grain, taken after harvesting is over. These birds are most abundant, however, in waste lands where weeds abound, turkey mullein forming one of their favorite foods, while tumble weed and mustard are also eaten extensively.

"The immense numbers of weed seeds destroyed by these birds is shown in the fact that the stomach of one dove contained 9,200 seeds of different weeds, while the stomachs of two other doves contained 6,400 and 7,500 respectively. If three doves, at one meal, can destroy 23,100 seeds and thus prevent the spread of that many noxious weeds, how much good could be accomplished by the doves on one farm, in one county, or throughout the State?

"In the United States alone the annual loss from weeds has been estimated at \$400,000,000. In the face of these startling figures we can well realize the importance of protecting the useful seed-eating birds, one of nature's best means of checking such losses."

Our readers may remember in the October CRAFTSMAN some statistics which Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson gave us about our friend, the robin: We quote here:

"The United States Bureau of Biological Survey, which has long displayed a striking tendency to ascertain the truth regarding the feeding habits of birds, began a few

THE STOMACH OF ONE SPARROW, ON INVESTIGATION, CONTAINED ONE THOUSAND SEEDS OF PIGWEED: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

years ago to study the robin's diet. During the course of investigations that followed, Mr. W. L. McAtee journeyed to Louisiana to kill a few of these birds and make a scientific study of the contents of their stomachs. The following is a sample of his many reports. Under date of February 20th, 1910, he says: 'I collected twelve robins yesterday and examined their gizzards—eight had eaten nothing but insects and three of the others had taken, respectively, ninety-five, eighty and sixty per cent. of insects and invertebrates.'

The National Association of Audubon Societies is doing effective missionary work in behalf of this interesting bird.



THE GOLDFINCH IS A GOOD WEED DESTROYER AND ESPECIALLY FOND OF THISTLE SEEDS: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

METHODS OF FROST PROTECTION

METHODS OF FROST PROTECTION

A VERY seasonable bulletin has been published on the above subject by the Department of Meteorology of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Cornell University, and, although it deals primarily with frosts in New York State, much of the information is of general interest and application. The following extracts may be of assistance to those who wish to protect plants and fruit trees from the disastrous effects of frost:

"For the farmer who is prepared to make practical use of a frost warning, the forecasts issued by the Weather Bureau should receive first consideration because they may be obtained early in the day, before it is possible to obtain any reliable indications from local observations as to the probability of frost. But when the warnings issued by the Weather Bureau cannot be obtained and the farmer must rely on himself, there are no instrumental readings that will take the place of a careful observation of the condition of the sky, the direction and force of the wind, and the trend of temperature.

METHODS OF FROST PROTECTION.

The object sought in all methods of frost protection is to hold the temperature of the air in contact with the plant above the point of danger. In the attempt to accomplish this certain principles are involved:

1. Prevention or retardation of the escape of heat from the earth by the use of an artificial covering. The use of smudges as a means of protection against frost is based on this principle.
2. Addition to the air of moisture in the form of vapor, with the view of obtaining the effect of liberation of latent heat as the moisture condenses. The use of damp fuel for smudges and the spraying of fires with water have this purpose in view.
3. Heating the air by small fires.

ARTIFICIAL COVERING.

It is a very old practice to protect plants from frost by covering them with newspapers, carpets, straw and the like. This is a most cleanly and efficient method, but unfortunately, because of the labor and expense involved, it is applicable in practice only to small areas, such as flower beds and gardens. However, by a small investment in tarred building paper the practice may be extended profitably to considerable areas.

When the paper is cut into convenient lengths and two or three strips are fastened or pasted together so as to make a strip eight or ten feet wide, which can be rolled and unrolled easily, this method may be used for the protection of a fairly large area. It affords a very convenient and efficient protection for strawberries, garden truck or small fruits. Paper of this kind can be purchased for one or two cents per square foot, and should last several years.

SMUDGING.

Smudging, particularly when damp fuel is used, combines the first and second principles mentioned above—the prevention of the escape of heat from the ground and the addition of moisture to the air. In practice smudging has not proved a very efficient method of protection. It is used chiefly at present to shield the blossoms from the sun during the morning hours following a frost, thus preventing too rapid thawing. Spraying the frozen fruit or blossoms with water is practiced, also with the same purpose in view. It is not so much the freezing that causes injury, as too rapid thawing. It is said that blossoms may be frozen solid for hours without injury if thawed very slowly.

HEATING THE AIR.

The most practical, efficient and economical method yet devised for protection of large areas is the direct addition of heat by means of numerous small fires properly distributed over the area to be protected.

For the farmer who desires to protect the farm orchard, this method is offered as neither difficult nor expensive. However, it does require foresight and careful preparation. The fuel to be used must be on the ground and ready for instant use. Moreover, it must be dry, so that fires may be started quickly when the temperature approaches the point of danger. A small investment in an alarm thermometer will obviate the inconvenience of remaining up at night to watch for the time when the fires must be started. These thermometers are constructed to ring an alarm bell when the temperature approaches the danger point. The alarm thermometer should be located in the coldest part of the orchard and set to ring the bell when the temperature is still a few degrees above the point of danger, so as to give time to get the fires started.

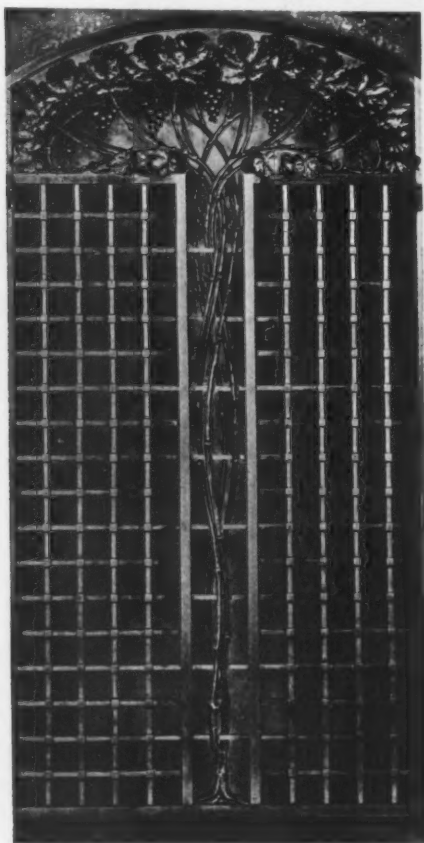
Wood, coal and oil are the fuels in use, and the choice must depend on local price and supply.

DECADENCE OF PRACTICAL ARTS IN FRANCE

THE DECADENCE OF THE PRACTICAL ARTS IN FRANCE

The pictures used in this article are reproduced from *Art et Décoration*.

IT would seem from a recent article in a Paris art journal, *Art et Décoration*, that the arts and crafts movement in France is suffering from the same condition of stagnation that obtains in England and America. This French writer feels that the difficulty in France is, and surely his argument obtains in America, that the present interest in interior decoration is unrelated to architectural progress. In other words, that the decorative idea is entirely a superficial one, and that the Frenchmen of today are designing their wall-papers and rugs and draperies and lamps and window fabrics without the slightest interest in, or at least the slightest relation



FRENCH WROUGHT-IRON WINDOW: GRAPE DESIGN.



FRENCH WROUGHT-IRON WINDOW: WITH "FOX AND STORK" DESIGN.

to, the sorts of houses they are to fill. In fact, architecture at present in France is a dead issue. The architects are imitating old ideas, from either Greek or Period inspiration, or occasionally putting out something along Secession lines, equally artificial and unimportant.

But poor as these three artificial styles of architecture are, the furnishings that are made do not relate even to them. Each man is doing what pleases him, or rather what pleases his sense of novelty. The writer whom we have already quoted feels that bad as German and Austrian architecture is from the standard of real art, it at least is sincere and to that extent far in advance of the present situation in France;

DECADENCE OF PRACTICAL ARTS IN FRANCE

for the Germans, Austrians and Hungarians of today are heartily interested in Secession Art. They believe in it and they want it. The fantastic spirit of it is in their architecture, in their household fittings, in their paintings, in their sculpture. It really is encroaching upon their drama, as we feel in the work of that new stage director who is little short of a genius, Max Reinhardt. If Reinhardt were not touched by Secession Art we should feel him almost the greatest creator of stage beauty of the century. Although here in

America we feel that the eccentric whimsicality known as Secession Art impulse has passed over with us and has been short-lived because it was without root in real conditions, Germany clings to it, and as it has in a way rejuvenated the art interest of the whole nation, and has dominated every phase of life, we must accord it a certain position in the art history of modern Europe. We hope, as France evidently does, that Germany will recover from it and refuse this orchid growth as a final expression, however interesting and stimulating it may have been.

And it is just possible that in Paris, the fact that the artists are working along lines of their own initiative, refusing an architecture that would suggest birth in Art Nouveau ideas, refusing the binding of the arts and crafts movement to Art Nouveau inspiration, may at least leave the field free



FRENCH LAMPS IN WROUGHT IRON.

for whatever big or honest art impulse may spring into existence. It is hard to say just what is best for a nation,—such a fallow time as France is having or the growth of such an earnest unimportant movement as the Secession Art condition in Germany.

In this present article we are presenting illustrations which were shown in Paris in the Summer Salon of 1912, feeling that whatever is done the world over along craft lines must be of interest to our readers, and also because the writer of the article which included these illustrations was so frankly critical of conditions as they exist today in his native land. It is such criticism which will stir up eventually the real craftsmen to the production of work suited to their lives, and may possibly stimulate their imagination toward a more vital interest in the actual beauties so well trained an art is capable of revealing.

Of course, in any criticism of art conditions in Paris today René Lalique is exempt. He is the great craftsman of France and one of the greatest she has ever had. His art is wholly individual, and even though it has been ranked with the Art Nouveau movement, it in no way should be incorporated in it, although undoubtedly it has inspired many of the Art Nouveau men toward a finer development of their art.

We feel in all the work we are presenting in this article the sort of elegance that France will probably never get away from. There are good lines and appreciation of the ultra refinement of art, but with the exception of the wrought-iron work, the



NEW STYLE DESIGN FOR FRENCH FABRICS.

BRINGING THE WOODS TO TOWN



NEW DESIGN FOR FRENCH FRIEZE.

designs might have come from Vienna and the workmanship from Munich, and the inspiration from Hungary. And so we cannot take it very seriously. The wrought-iron work perhaps holds a suggestion of originality. The designs are essentially simple, the composition, although touched by Art Nouveau, is nevertheless appropriate for its position. In one instance a most well-balanced conventional use of the grape leaf and stem is seen, in the other a charming illustration of the old fable of The Fox and the Stork.

It would seem so simple a thing for the Frenchmen who really want to contribute something to art and to crafts, to give their attention heart and soul to the designing of a national architecture and useful and beautiful fittings for homes and public buildings,—the carvings on the exterior of the houses, such as we reproduced in an article some months ago, interesting iron grills for the doors, doorways, arches and windows, simple practical furniture in good lines and colors for the house fittings, and fabrics suited to the furnishings, with designs possibly taken from old French tapestries or ceramics. And there you have the beginning of a modern art and craft movement which would be of interest to the whole world and of practical value and comfort to the nation.

When Hungary decided that she wanted some beautiful fabrics for her country houses, the designs were taken from old china and printed on inexpensive cottons. And these simple patterns are now world famous; so famous, in fact, that shops for the sale of them have been established in Paris, and materials in imitation of them have been made in silk for the French modistes. Poirer turns to Austria for most of the interesting materials that go into the

wonderful gowns which he is making for beautiful women the world over.

It would seem as if the time had come for France to forget her little whims and momentary pleasures in designing and executing her ceramics and fabrics, and if she intends to hold her world-wide prestige, to give her undivided thought to the absolute necessity which faces her now; beginning at the begin-

ning, making houses that are essential to the welfare of a modern race of French people, fitting and furnishing them for comfort, pleasure and beauty, she will in time develop inevitably an art movement and craft movement which will give her perhaps her old place, instead of one which at present she holds, if at all, by right of tradition only.

BRINGING THE WOODS TO TOWN: BY LEE McCRAE

A FAMOUS artist, visiting our city one spring, exclaimed, "Of all the beautiful things you have in this mountainous section, none is more beautiful than the dogwood tree in full bloom! Why do you not plant it in your lawns? It is shapely, dainty in its foliage, and in bloom it is simply magnificent—yes, magnificent!" he reiterated.

Since then I have been investigating. The pine and the dogwood, like the American Indian, do not like civilization—*asphalt, pipes and drainage*. But both can be transplanted and grown with care. I find the dogwood in several lawns, while one man—a philanthropist is he!—has placed them along the parking of his property. He gives shade and beauty to all the passersby.

Two other dwellers in the woods that can be coaxed to live under town conditions are the mountain laurel and rhododendron. Although vast inroads have been made on Nature's garden, these beautiful shrubs often grow on steep mountainsides and in the silent woods in thick patches that would be all the better for a little thinning. If the transplanting is carefully done the plants will thrive, and precaution should also be taken not to injure in any way the shrubs left growing in their natural environment.

SOME DIGRESSIONS IN GERMAN FURNITURE



SOME DIGRESSIONS IN GERMAN FURNITURE

The pictures used in this article are reproduced from *Innen Dekoration*.

IT is not often that German architecture, in our opinion, merits unqualified praise. We are ardent admirers of Germany's varied expression in music, science and civic achievements, but it has seemed to us that on the whole German architects, in their endeavor either to express individuality or to meet a need as they saw it, have worked too hard. The result is that the record of their effort has seemed labored and strained rather than spontaneous, and lacking in the spirit of comfort so essential to the right home atmosphere.

The sterling qualities of conscientious and patient work that have formed so fundamental a part of Germany's intellectual and civic achievement have seemed rather a handicap in the matter of her home-building and furnishing, for these should be matters of growth rather than forced effort. The needs of a nation, the demands of climate, the qualities of temperament peculiar to a people, and the manner of their daily lives,—all these things should influence the building of homes.

GERMAN INTERIOR, WITH FURNITURE SUGGESTING ENGLISH COTTAGE TYPE.

The present tendency in German interior decoration seems to be to break away from the obsession of *Art Nouveau*, and to gather suggestion from either French "period" or English "cottage" styles. In the two views of the dining room in a German country house, shown here, definite English "cottage" influence may be felt in the plain sturdy lines of the beams and other woodwork, the built-in cabinets and the simple strong chairs. The one thing that is essentially German in the room is the tile stove. These ungainly stoves are not always as ugly as pictures of them in black and white would have us believe, for the tile is usually of some vivid tone, and the sense of color they bring into a room is as grateful as the heat they give. The tiles are porous and store up the heat and diffuse it even hours after the fire is out, so that a very little fuel will suffice to keep a large room at a comfortable temperature. These qualities endear the clumsy old stoves to German hearts and keep them from being supplanted by more modern forms of heating.

A rather unwieldy piece of furniture is shown in the picture of the combination serving table and cabinet, which seems to

SOME DIGRESSIONS IN GERMAN FURNITURE



SECOND VIEW OF GERMAN DINING ROOM, SHOWING EXTREME SIMPLICITY OF SIDEBOARD.

have been touched by both "period" and peasant influences. The combination seems a bit eccentric, for either of these suggestions worked out to a logical conclusion would surely have resulted in a piece of furniture, both useful and beautiful.

Returning to the suggestion of the English "cottage" style, shown in the general lines of this German interior and its fur-

nishings, it is particularly pleasant to see the simplicity of the sideboard, so harmonious, in its proportions and outline, with the architectural features of the room, its substantial beams, paneled walls and square windows. The open shelves and square-paned upper doors of the sideboard, its plain drawers and lower doors with their unobtrusive hardware, are all very satisfying. The dining table is also admirable in build, and the small side table especially good, both kept simple. The chairs are in conformity with these, and appear to have been chosen for their suitability to the room as well as their own excellence both in make and design. A strictly Craftsman note is struck in the lighting fixtures, wholly simple, and in keeping with the ceiling from which they hang.



NEW GERMAN FURNITURE: A COMBINATION OF PERIOD AND PEASANT STYLES.

MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE AND FURNITURE



"HOLMWOOD," COUNTRY HOUSE IN KNEBWORTH H, ENGLAND: EDWIN LUTYENS, ARCHITECT: ONE OF THE VERY BEST EXAMPLES OF SIMPLE MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE TO BE FOUND IN THE BRITISH ISLES: THE WINDOWS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL PLACED AND THE ROOF LINES BOTH PRACTICAL AND GRACEFUL.



Courtesy of Innen Dekoration.

LIVING HALL IN "HEATHCOTE," JEKLY, YORKSHIRE: EDWIN LUTYENS, ARCHITECT: THE FURNISHING OF THIS ROOM SHOWS THE ENGLISH AFFECTION FOR THE BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF THE PERIOD STYLE: IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE HOW ADMIRABLY THIS FURNITURE IS SUITED TO THE INTERIOR OF THIS DEFINITELY MODERN HOUSE.

OUR NEW PARCELS POST SYSTEM

OUR PARCELS POST SYSTEM

THE people of the United States have at last achieved the privilege of a Parcels Post, through Act of Congress, passed during the final days of its session, and to become effective January, nineteen hundred and thirteen. The law which inaugurates this new system of forwarding packages at a nominal rate will doubtless be welcomed by a larger majority of our people than any other which this able body of men have accomplished, for it is one from which the individual enjoys immediate and adequate benefits; one which will mean greatly increased convenience to the rural districts in particular.

The maximum weight for a Parcels' Post package has been established at eleven pounds, and neither its length nor circumference must exceed six feet. A new plan of regulating the rate according to the distance carried will be tried in this department of the post office; the cost will range from five cents per pound for any distance within one hundred miles, increasing one cent each time the zone extends from one hundred to three hundred, to six hundred, to twelve hundred, to two thousand, to twenty-eight and thirty-six hundred miles, to twelve cents for all distances greater than the last named. For each additional pound of a parcel to be forwarded within the first zone, three cents will be charged; four cents in the second, five in the third, six in the fourth, seven in the fifth, nine in the sixth, ten in the seventh, and twelve cents for each pound to all points at greater distances than thirty-six hundred miles.

This makes our rate considerably higher than that of either Germany or France, for in the former a pound package may be forwarded six hundred miles for twelve cents, and in the latter sixteen cents is charged for the same service. When the limited extent of these two countries is compared with the vast distances in the United States, it seems a more practical plan to adopt this new system.

At any rate, it is but an experiment, and if found expedient for the greater convenience of the public or from an economical standpoint, to make any change, the Postmaster General has the right when sanctioned by the Interstate Commerce Commission, to revise the conditions of the law as regards classification, weight and size limit, zones and rates. This makes it possible to look forward to constantly in-

creasing efficiency in the Parcels Post Department, for the wheels of the law will not be so slow in moving where it allows the executive wider opportunity to promote its progress; and at the same time it is needful that the man placed in the office of Postmaster General be chosen with care greater in proportion to his increased power.

THE NEW INTERIOR DECORATING METHODS

IT has long been a problem to the home owner of moderate means to combine the artistic with the durable in wall decoration. Parts of walls in certain rooms become dilapidated before the greater part of the decoration shows any sign of wear and soil. The walls that ring with children's merriment tell also tales of grimy fingers and display hieroglyphics from stray pencils. Every season the people who make things come a little nearer than they were before to the fresh, vital home problems which they are trying to solve in their distant factories. A certain maker of interior decorating materials has come very close indeed to this difficulty of the man or woman who plans to decorate or redecorate the home in an artistic and economical way.

The solution is this: Two kinds of decorating materials are used in combination. They match perfectly in color, and offer a wide variety to choose from in creating different color schemes for different rooms, all blending harmoniously. The first material is a tinting making a soft-toned wall superior in color and quality to kalsomine and is used for side walls and ceilings in general. A stencil pattern is often employed with excellent results in one, two or more colors, put over the plain tinting and either blending or contrasting with it. The second material is a flat wall paint producing the same soft tone on the walls. It matches exactly the first material, but its advantage lies in the fact that it is washable and the wall to which it is applied may be cleaned with soap and water and sponge or cloth.

One can readily see that the second material used in hallways, along the stairs, in the nursery, the lower part of bathroom walls where water is splashed and below the plate or chair rail in the dining room, enables mother or maid to erase all traces of soil. It is also desirable for closets and cupboards which should be kept immaculately clean, free from spots and spillings.

THANKSGIVING AND POLITICS

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THANKSGIVING AND POLITICS

WHATEVER the motives that, almost on the eve of a Presidential election, sent a Senatorial committee on an exploring expedition into the domain of campaign funds past and present, the public is a gainer by the result. For it has been given a few clear-cut and significant facts in the place of a mass of vague, persistent and distorted rumors. And these facts may serve as milestones to mark the distance we have already traveled toward a finer self-respect in public affairs, as well as to remind us that the journey is not yet ended. Looking backward and forward from the point already reached, it is difficult to repress an exultant conviction that this nation's feet are set on the upward slopes of a gradual spiritual evolution from which there will be no turning back.

Ever since Judge Parker, just before the election of 1904, accused the Republican managers of accumulating a huge campaign fund by levying a species of blackmail against the big corporations, certain anti-Roosevelt papers have reverted to the charge on all opportune occasions, building up around it an imposing and bewildering edifice of rumor and suspicion. But now, under the investigating committee's searchlight, this misty structure has faded and vanished. In its place stand a few sharply outlined facts—facts which constitute an indictment, it is true, but an indictment of methods, not of men.

Thus with the light for the first time turned on the cost of electing Presidents, we learn that the Republican campaign fund in 1896 was \$3,500,000; in 1900, \$3,000,000 and, in 1904, \$2,088,000. As it is with the 1904 fund that rumor has most persistently busied itself, we will pause at that. A treasurer of the Republican National Committee testified that 73½ per cent. of the money used in the Roosevelt campaign that year was contributed from the coffers of corporations. J. P. Morgan gave \$150,000; H. C. Frick, \$100,000; John D. Archbold, \$100,000 and George J. Gould, \$100,000. Mr. Morgan testified that any campaign contributions made by his company were made "for the good of the country," and with no expectation of any special consideration in return. "And we never got any return, either, from any-

body," he added. The matter was even more sweepingly dealt with when Colonel Roosevelt himself took the stand. "I asked no man to contribute to the campaign fund when I was elected President of the United States, and I wish to reiterate that Mr. Bliss and Mr. Cortelyou both assured me that no promise had been made as a return for any contribution. Neither they nor anyone else having authority asked me to act or refrain from acting in any matter while I was President because any contribution had been made or withheld." And when one of the members of the investigating committee asked him whether, as a practical man, he would not naturally think that "some of the people might be expecting favors," he answered with emphasis: "As a practical man of high ideals, who has always endeavored to put his high ideals into practice, I think that any man who would believe that he would get any consideration from making any contributions to me was either a crook or a fool."

But even when we have frankly accepted Colonel Roosevelt's point of view and conceded Mr. Morgan's sincerity in declaring that he expected nothing in return for his money, there remains something disturbing to the self-respect of the average citizen in the thought that our Presidential campaigns have been financed by a few immensely rich men. For after all, choosing a President is your business and mine no less than Mr. Morgan's or Mr. Archbold's, and if there are unavoidable expenses connected with it we have no excuse for shirking our individual responsibility in the matter. No matter how exalted and disinterested may be the motive that prompts a millionaire to assume the upkeep of our Governmental machinery, the act tends to pauperize the electorate. No point of view can make healthy the conditions under which nearly three-quarters of the victorious party's campaign fund is contributed by the great corporations which dominate and overshadow the industrial situation in this country. Such things are not compatible with our boasted spirit of independence, our claim to a Government controlled and cared for by the people.

Some of the more progressive Western States have already awakened to this fact in advance of the rest of the country, and have passed laws safeguarding their State elections from the possibility of incurring

THANKSGIVING AND POLITICS

disproportionate financial obligation to the few. Recognizing the obvious fact that the nomination and election of State officers is a part of the public business of the State, and should not depend upon the charity of the rich, the legislature appropriates from the public funds the money necessary for this purpose. Thus the burden is distributed evenly among all the tax-payers. Some such solution must ultimately be applied in our national elections.

In the meantime, however, we have gone far since 1904, and our rate of progress is constantly increasing. That is why this discussion of past abuses and abuses yet to be remedied is not inappropriate or discordant, even at this thanksgiving season. In 1904 it was a matter of course that corporations should give heavily to campaign funds. Now, it is illegal for a corporation to contribute, although, of course, the corporation magnates may still give as lavishly as they please as individuals. In 1904 campaign managers believed that the right to maintain secrecy regarding the sources and amounts of contributions was "as sacred as the right of a man to cast a secret ballot in the election." Now we have campaign fund publicity laws which, while still capable of improvement, nevertheless finally and completely dispose of that contention. The old, unseemly and scandal-breeding method of financing campaigns, the method that could not endure the light, is a thing of the past.

But if the work of the Senate's campaign fund investigating committee has served to reassure us on the subject of campaign funds, it has at the same time unconsciously invited our attention to certain defects in our methods of investigating questions of public moment. These defects are inherent in the idea of temporary and irresponsible investigating committees composed of active politicians who are under constant temptation to delve for political capital when what the country really wants is just the facts. The investigation we have been discussing, for instance, can scarcely escape the suspicion of a partisan instigation at least. Is there no way in which this most necessary function of turning on the light can be placed beyond the reach or suspicion of petty or partisan motives? To THE CRAFTSMAN it seems that there should be a permanent, responsible and non-partisan Court of Inquiry whose duty it would be to conduct all investiga-

tions in which facts relating to the public policy and welfare are involved, and to publish their findings and recommendations. There are many directions now in which progress is faltering because of the difficulty of obtaining a clear and comprehensive view of the facts with which it must deal. By means of the Interstate Commerce Commission we have taken the railroads out of politics, and public opinion is demanding that we do the same with the tariff. It cannot be long before the investigation committee will follow suit.

BOOK REVIEWS

LIFTED MASKS: STORIES BY SUSAN GLASPELL

ONE of the stories in this book is a big one—in fact about the biggest short story the reviewer has read for a long while. It's called "The Man of Flesh and Blood," and it's as real and human as the title. Like most great things, the tale is very simple—with the kind of simplicity that is won by struggle, by piercing through the superficial and the complex into the heart and soul of humanity, into the very core of life. We don't often recommend the books we review as strongly as this; but in the present instance we want to say: "Go out and buy it—if only for the sake of that one brief, splendid story!"

As to the other stories, while they are not so big as "The Man of Flesh and Blood," some of them come pretty close to it. They may be pure fiction or they may be based on fact; but whatever their origin or inspiration you feel that they are *real*. The plots and episodes possess that curious mixture of the dramatic and the commonplace which actual life is so rich in. They are unique without being improbable. They are full of sentiment, yet not sentimental, and some of the incidents give you a tight feeling about the throat that makes you forget the masterful technique of their author in your realization of her warm, encompassing sympathy.

Most of the tales deal with ordinary people and ordinary things. For instance, there's a story about an elevator boy called "Freckles" who contrived to help the passage of a certain reform bill in a manner that makes you chuckle with malicious glee. There's another about a young girl who was "out of a job," and a little old woman who was going blind, that makes

BOOK REVIEWS

you feel as if they both belong to you. There's the love story (woven around the making of a dictionary) of a girl and a man whom she wanted to help in his struggle against his own weakness—a story that makes you long to "mold things nearer to the heart's desire." Then there's a passage between a German-American and his college-bred son which sets forth the struggle between old ideals and new ambitions with a sense of tragedy that is almost heart-breaking. And the hero of still another tale—"The Anarchist: His Dog"—is a small boy with a morning paper route, who defends his disreputable but beloved mongrel with a fierceness that is as tender as it is amusing.

A book like this wakes one to a keener sight of the wonderful possibilities of existence, and fills one with a sense of comradeship for all humanity—not merely humanity in the abstract, but in all its throbbing, aching, struggling reality. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 257 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

FRESH AIR AND HOW TO USE IT: BY THOMAS S. CARRINGTON, M.D.

THE healthfulness and pleasure of outdoor living and sleeping have come to be so widely recognized during the past few years, among medical and architectural circles and homemakers generally, that an authoritative work on this subject will find a ready welcome. Illustrated with many photographs, floor plans and diagrams, and handled in a brief but comprehensive way, this book presents just that practical working knowledge which is needed by those who wish to provide open-air accommodation in their homes. Among the phases of the subject which are treated are those of ventilation, window tents, roof bungalows, wall houses and iron frame porches for city use, temporary fresh-air porches for the country, permanent sleeping porches and loggias for country homes, methods of protecting and screening porches, tents and tent houses, open-air bungalows and cottages, the planning of new houses with open-air apartments, roof playgrounds for children, as well as clothing, bedding and furniture for the various kinds of fresh-air living and sleeping. (Published by The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York. 241 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$1.00.)

WOOD AND FOREST: BY WILLIAM NOYES

THIS book, which was prepared as a companion volume to "Handwork in Wood," by the same author, is the result of an attempt "to collect and arrange in available form useful information, hitherto widely scattered, about our common woods, their sources, growth, properties and uses." As such it will certainly be welcomed by woodworkers, cabinetmakers and all who may be interested in the nature and use of this friendly and adaptable material.

The contents include, in addition to a general bibliographical list, chapters on the structure and properties of wood, the principal species of American woods, the distribution and composition of the North American forests, the forest organism, the natural enemies of the forest and also its exhaustion and use. As each section is systematically arranged, the facts concisely put and a generous supply of photographs, maps and sketches used for illustration, the volume should prove an invaluable reference work for every technical library and woodworker's table. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. 309 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price, postpaid, \$3.00.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD: BY J. H. FABRE: TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY BERNARD MIALL

EVEN the most confirmed insect-hater, having once opened this unusual book and read a few sentences of its fascinating contents, must be compelled to lay aside those prejudices which have hitherto closed his eyes to the marvels of the insect world, and admit a new interest and wonder at the dramatic picture that is unveiled for his delectation. For here, between the covers of an attractive and well illustrated book, the man whom Maurice Maeterlinck has called "the insects' Homer" has bared for the lay reader's contemplation the joys and struggles, the loves and hatreds of insect life.

In language that has a literary and human quality which not every scientist can command, this great French entomologist unfolds before our widening gaze "the most extraordinary tragic fairy play that

BOOK REVIEWS

it is possible for the human imagination, not to create or to conceive, but to admit and acclimatize within itself." No fiction could be stranger than the truths it reveals. Beneath the searchlight of this man's keen observation a new world opens to our vision. With the turning of each page we discover fresh horrors, beauties and delights. Assuredly, the realms of both entomology and literature owe to this industrious author a debt of gratitude for his enrichment of their store. Such books as this show science in her true light—which is one of intensest interest and romance. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 328 pages. Illustrated. Price \$3.00 net. Postage extra.)

LAME AND LOVELY: BY FRANK CRANE

THESE "Essays on Religion for Modern Minds," as they are defined, are significant not only as an expression of personal convictions and ideals but perhaps even more as a reflection of the *Zeitgeist*—the trend toward democracy of thought and action which is coloring so strongly our national and individual life. Written in Mr. Crane's usual vigorous style, epigrammatic, with a flavor of kindly cynicism and that touch of whimsical humor which comes with an understanding of the mingled shortcomings and aspirations of human nature, the essays open up new lines of thought and throw the light of common sense on many old ones. The dominant note of the message is progress—the outgrowing of old prejudices and superstitions and the grasping of new hopes and wider responsibilities. As the author puts it: "The flavor of the religion of the past is incense. The flavor of modern religious life is soap." (Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. 215 pages. Price \$1.00.)

LOVE IN A MASK: BY HONORE DE BALZAC

THIS short but startling tale by the great French novelist has just been brought to light, published and translated after its long neglect upon the bookshelves of the Duchesse de Dino. For it was originally presented to her by the author in his own handwriting, as a token of grateful friendship, under the title "L'Amour Masque." The story, which is developed under romantic guise, is in reality

as serious as it is unusual in theme, portraying a woman of sufficient strength of character and ingenuity to break through conventions to attain a selfish and yet at the same time a noble and womanly end. But in the long run it is the conventions which triumph—not by virtue of their social prestige, but through the principles of human loyalty and family love on which they are based. (Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 136 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CLAY: BY A. B. SEARLE

A GREAT deal of useful and interesting information is condensed in this little book, the size of which makes it convenient as a handy reference or pocket volume. The subject is treated in a scientific and practical way, with a number of illustrations. Among the phases discussed are the chemical and physical properties of clays, clays and associated rocks, the origins of clays, the modes of accumulation of clays, some clays of commercial importance, and clay-substance, theoretical and actual. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 167 pages. Illustrated. Price 40 cents net.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COURT PAINTER: BY H. JONES THADDEUS

A DELIGHTFUL collection of reminiscences and anecdotes is crowded into the pages of this pleasantly written autobiography, which is as attractive in make-up as it is in contents. The artist-author's amusing and picturesque experiences in different cities of Europe and Australia hold a wide and varied interest for student and general reader alike. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 322 pages. Illustrated. Price \$3.50 net.)

THE VENETIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING: BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPS

THIS critical review of Venetian art is detailed and comprehensive, and will no doubt prove a useful reference book for the artist, student and traveler. Typical illustrations from the work of various painters of the Venetian school add to the attraction of the volume. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 331 pages. Illustrated. Price \$2.25 net.)

AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR

AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR

A FEW weeks ago a stranger called at our office and said he had something rather curious to show us. He pulled out a little old volume—leather-covered, brown and worn—and opened it at the title page. There, to our amazement, opposite a quaint, mildewed engraving of the signing of the Magna Charta, we read these words: "THE CRAFTSMAN—by Caleb D'Anvers, of Gray's-Inn, Esq." And underneath was the inscription: "London, Printed for R. Franklyn, in Russell-Street, Convent-Garden, MDCCXXXI."

Seventeen hundred and thirty-one—a hundred and eighty-one years ago!

"This," explained our visitor, who had introduced himself as Mr. Max E. Schmidt, of Convent, New Jersey, "is the first of a set of fourteen bound volumes in which was reprinted a series of old English papers. The first of these papers was published December 5, 1726, and the last is dated April 17, 1736. I happened to pass your door the other day, and seeing that copper sign of yours I remembered my fourteen little volumes at home and decided to bring one in to show you."

Needless to say, our surprise was only equaled by our pleasure. After imagining our magazine to be the first of its title, and more or less original in its point of view, here we were suddenly confronted with an unsuspected literary ancestor. It was like meeting a comrade, shaking hands with one of the old pioneers!

Noting the genuine interest which the discovery had given us, Mr. Schmidt was kind enough to leave the book in our hands so that we might look through it more at leisure. This we did, with more interest, amusement and admiration than can be readily expressed.

The "dedication" of the volume captured our sympathy at once. "To the People of England," it was headed. *The people*—these, to Caleb D'Anvers' democratic mind, were his "most proper patrons." *The Craftsman*, he goes on, "thinks it would be a sort of Derogation from that publick Cause, in which He hath been so long engaged, if He should offer his Incense at the Shrine of any single Man, or particular Body of Men, however great They may be, either by their own real Merit, or the ad-

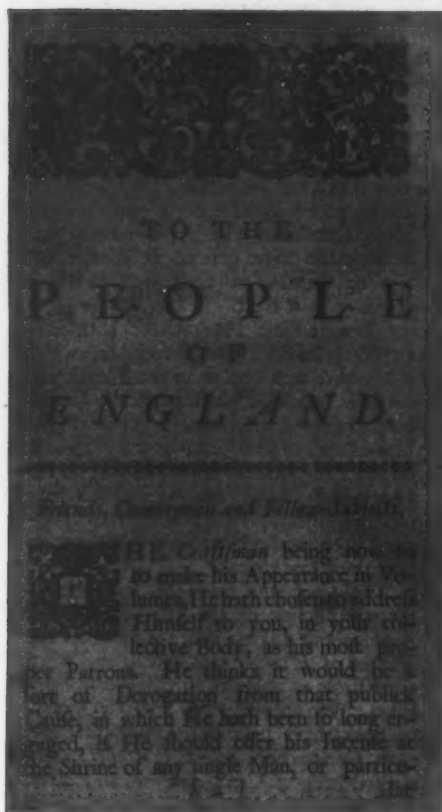


TITLE PAGE OF OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE "THE CRAFTSMAN."

ventitious Circumstances of Wealth and Power."

The author of these papers, as he describes himself in a short autobiographical notice, was "the second Son of Abraham D'Anvers, Esq., a Gentleman of an ancient Family and no inconsiderable Estate in the North of England." After his courses at Westminster School and Christ Church College, he studied for the bar; but as he puts it, "having before taken a Disgust to the Chicanry of that Business, and the prevailing Practice of the Courts, I resolved to live a retired Life, and indulge my natural Inclination to the politer Arts." Then, with a subtle sarcasm which might apply even today, he observes: "As I quitted the long Robe early it gave me an Opportunity of furnishing myself with some Degree of Knowledge in most Arts and Professions.

AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR



FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

I have had Leisure, for these many Years, to make my Observations on Men and Things."

And he proceeds to set forth these observations with no little candor and force. He discusses Liberty of the Press, and cites Bible writers, Greeks, Romans and his own countrymen as the apostles of literary and rhetorical freedom.

He voices his contempt for the hypocrisy and corruption of the "professions" in terms that would fit the twentieth century without much alteration.

He writes of political and industrial conditions and affairs of national and international importance as keenly and wittily as he condemns or praises certain celebrities of his day. To one gentleman, for instance, he accords this flattering and unusual label: "a Treasurer with clean and empty Hands!"

Party prejudice he also scores in no uncertain language, and exposes the superficiality of mere names. "We cool by Degrees," he writes, "as we grow old, in our affection for empty Names and idle Distinctions; being taught by Experience that One as well as the Other is all Vanity and Vexation of Spirit."

He urges the need for coalition, which he defines as "the cordial Union and Co-operation of Persons of all Denominations in the true Interest and Service of their Country, without any Attachment to *vain Names*—which can serve only to keep alive our destructive Animosities and promote the sinister Views of ambitious Men, at the Expence of our private Happiness and the publick good. As This is the only *Coalition* which can either be desired or justified, so I hope my Countrymen will no longer suffer themselves to be imposed on by artful *Demagogues* and ill designing Patrons of *Faction*; especially since Experience has, I think, sufficiently taught them the *Mischief* and *Folly* of such Conduct. Instead of dividing ourselves into opposite Parties, and branding one another with odious Distinctions, let us Chearfully concur in the common Cause, and make the Interest of Great-Britain the only Rule of all our Actions. Let us not, for the future, run blind-fold into any Proposals, however romantick and unreasonable, because they are offered by *one Set* of Men; nor madly shut our Ears to any Objections, however just and well-grounded, because they are started by *another*. This will be the surest and only Method of restoring *Peace* and *Commerce*; or reviving our drooping *Manufactures*; or lessening our *Debts*, and reducing our *Taxes*; at the same Time that it will most effectually secure us from foreign *Violence* and protect us against *domestick Corruption*."

What could be more apropos today than this earnest plea for coöperation which comes to us thus by pure chance—an echo from the beginning of the eighteenth century?

The papers of this early "Craftsman" are not wholly serious, however. Their wisdom is frequently allied with wit. One chapter, for example, gives us the point of view of the embryo "Suffragist" of 1727, and the phrasing is so apt, the sense so logical, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote some of it here.

AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR

The paper is headed with the following appropriate quotation:

"How hard is the Condition of our Sex?
In all the dear, delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid FATHER dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand.
To his the Tyrant HUSBAND'S Reign
succeeds.

Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
He holds domestick Business and Devotion.
All we are capable of knowing, and shuts
us,
Like cloyster'd Idiots, from the World's
Acquaintance."

ROWE.

Then Mr. D'Anvers publishes a letter received from "a loyal Female Correspondent, in Defence of the most amiable Part of the Creation," observing that he cannot refuse such a request from a member of that sex which he has always so admired. As he quotes:

"Old as I am, for Ladies Sport unfit,
The Power of Beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my Love, and still in-
spires my Wit."

Here is the letter:

"To Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;
Venerable Sir,

"I have, for a long Time, been a silent Observer of the insolent Superiority which your Sex has assumed over ours; and of the many pretended Advantages which they boast of on their Side. They look upon us, for the most Part, as trifling Amusements and pretty Playthings to toy away an Hour with; to divert the Spleen or soften the Fatigues of ordinary Business. They allow us at best to be good domestick Drudges, only fit to manage the Affairs of a Family; and excuse themselves to their sneering Companions for mating with such poor simple Creatures, by saying with a supercilious Air, that we are *necessary Evils*.

"Nay, some of the old self-sufficient Philosophers of your Sex (for I will not allow that there are no Female Philosophers) have carried the Point so far as to maintain that *Women have no Souls*—Poor Wretches! I laugh at their Folly, as much as I despise their Arrogance; and as wise as they might think themselves, I could easily expose the Absurdity of excluding us from all the Concerns of the *Commonwealth*.

"Indeed, too many, even among us, through Custom, Education and early Im-

pressions given them in their Childhood, look upon themselves in the same Light. They have been bred up in this Opinion; and being contented, either through Indolence or want of Thought, with the humble Station which is allotted them, jog on in their low Sphere without any Ambition and really imagine themselves an inferior Sort of Beings to Mankind, possessed with meaner Capacities and more confined Understandings. But I, Sire, having strictly examined this Affair, am resolved to let you and all the World know (if you dare to publish this Letter) that we not only *have Souls*, but Souls large and comprehensive, as capable of Improvement and of performing great Actions as any of you all.

"Were it only the pretty *Tupée* Sparks and fine Dressers of the Age, who caressed themselves with this Notion, I should not think it worth my while to animadvert upon them; for even the weakest of our Sex (as they delight to call us) is more than a Match for the wisest of them. We lead them by the Nose and make what *Dupes* and *Bubbles* of them we please, at the same Time that they despise us. But what provokes me thus, is to find that several of the best Writers of your Sex have the same despicable opinion of us; one of whom says, that *the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in a domestick Life*. I deny This with both my Hands, and will prove it to be false; but cannot, by the Way, help observing that, provided it were true, it does not become Gentlemen of so much Honour and good Nature (as They love to be thought) to be always insulting their Inferiors with Boasts of their Preheminence; and continually shewing their Wit upon us silly Women, who are in all respects so much beneath them. Methinks this constant Endeavor to detract from us, looks like a tacit Confession that They do not in their Hearts believe there is so wide a Difference between us as they pretend.

"You say that in Philosophy, Mathematicks and all Points of abstruse Learning, the Advantage is manifestly on your Side. I grant it; but it does not follow that you have better Capacities than we to attain these Arts; provided ours were equally cultivated and improved. We are not brought up to *Literature*; and yet some of us, by our own Application, have made a considerable Figure in it; whereas how many of those vast Numbers of your Sex who are kept seven or eight Years at

AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR

School, and as many at the University, and have no Pains nor Expence spared for the Embellishment of your Minds—how many of you, I say, are there who, after all This, know nothing farther than the bare Names of particular Sciences and the Titles of a few common Books?

"To upbraid us therefore with your Superiority in *Learning* is just as reasonable as if one of us should pretend to be a greater Genius than *Sir Isaac Newton*, because she understands *Lace* and *Silks* better.

"In domestick Affairs, I think you grant us the Precedence. You allow that we are very good *Pastry-Cooks*; that we are perfectly acquainted with the Mechanism of a *Pudding*, or the Structure of a *Pye*; that we can make *Jellies* or *whipt Cream*, and manage a *set Dinner* with great Order and Dexterity. Why even This, as trifling as it may seem, is more than half the Men in *England* can do. But is This all the Business of a good *female Oeconomist*? No; how many Women could I mention who have, by their wise Conduct and domestick Policy, retriev'd the distress'd Affairs of their spendthrift Husbands; snatch'd them from the very Gates of Prison, and rescued them from the last Extremities of Hunger and Infamy? Does not This shew some Wisdom? Does it not bear some Resemblance to redeeming the Miscarriages of a weak Government, and settling the Disorders of a convuls'd State?

"Yet such is the Ingratitude of Mankind; and so jealous are you lest we should come in Competition with you for Conduct and good Sense; that whenever any Woman, for the Sake of her Husband and Family, takes upon herself the Administration of Affairs, she is immediately branded by her Neighbours with the Character of a *She-Tyrant*; and the good Man is call'd *Hen-peck'd*; as if a Woman could not be prudent and discreet without being a Termagant and a Vixen. From hence comes that witty Saying, *the grey Mare is the better Horse*; and that approbrious Imputation of *wearing the Breeches*; which can imply no more than that a *wise Woman* is obliged to supply the Place of a *foolish Husband*."

I have hitherto spoken of Women only in a *private Character*. The principal Objection is to be answered still; which is, that

they are unequal to *publick Business*, and incapable of managing the great Concerns of *Government* and *War*.

Whereupon the lady says she will not cite "Exploits of *Camilla*, *Thalestris*, and divers *Amazonian Ladies*, whom we read of," because "perhaps you will reject them as fabulous." Neither, she says, "will I mention other Heroines of remote Antiquity, however well attested, either of our own or foreign Countries; because it will be inconsistent with the Conciseness of a Letter, and I have instances nearer at Hand, sufficient for my present Purpose." The examples she mentions are Queen Elizabeth of "ever glorious memory"; Queen Anne "in whose auspicious Reign the British Arms and Name were carried to so great an height"; the "present Empress of Russia" of "noble Magnanimity and princely Wisdom," and finally great Princess of her own day and nation."

Thus spoke, in England, in 1727, a forerunner of one of our most significant modern movements—a pleader for "Justice to the whole Body of Womankind." So was the "shadow of a coming event" cast beforehand upon the page of history.

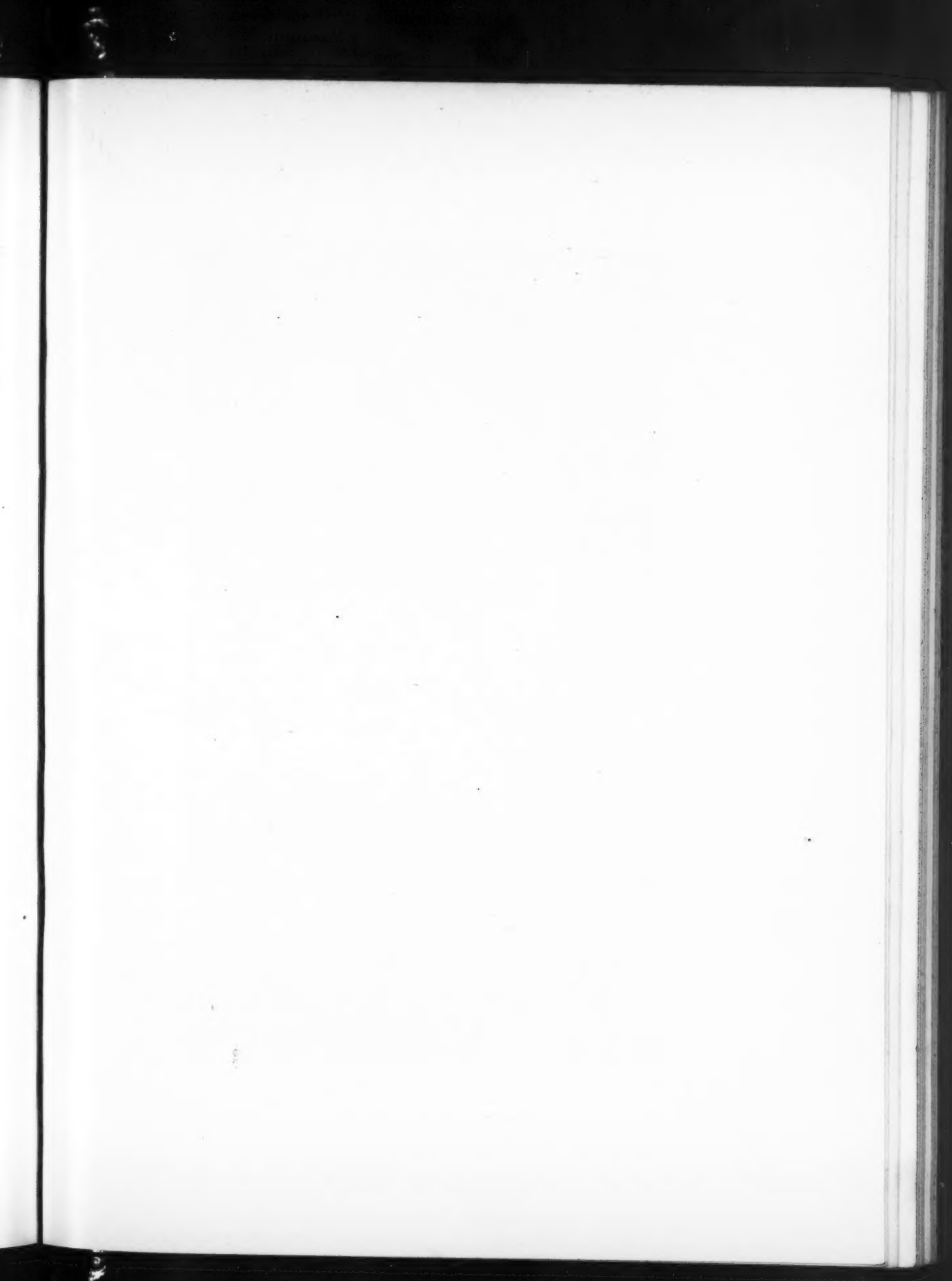
A CRAFTSMAN CALENDAR FOR 1913

IN response to many requests we are getting out our first Craftsman Calendar. In it we shall reproduce six of our most popular cover designs, and no expense will be spared to make it as beautiful and as typically "Craftsman" as possible.

The calendar will be printed in rich colors on a heavy brown antique paper, and each leaf will carry a quotation expressing Gustav Stickley's point of view about life, work and art.

The pages will be 10 by 15 inches, loose-leaved, and tied with leaf-green raffia.

The calendar may be obtained in combination with a subscription to the magazine at \$3.00, or with our special offer of the magazine, house-plans and "More Craftsman Homes" at \$3.75, or separately for 50 cents. For a holiday gift it will be especially appropriate, and we feel sure that every Craftsman friend and reader will give it a welcome place on desk or wall.





Courtesy of Revell.
(See page 266.)

GROUP OF SWEETMEAT SELLERS ON THEIR WAY TO
THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS AT GUADALUPE, REST-
ING IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE OLD CATHEDRALS.